Week ending October 25 1952 Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

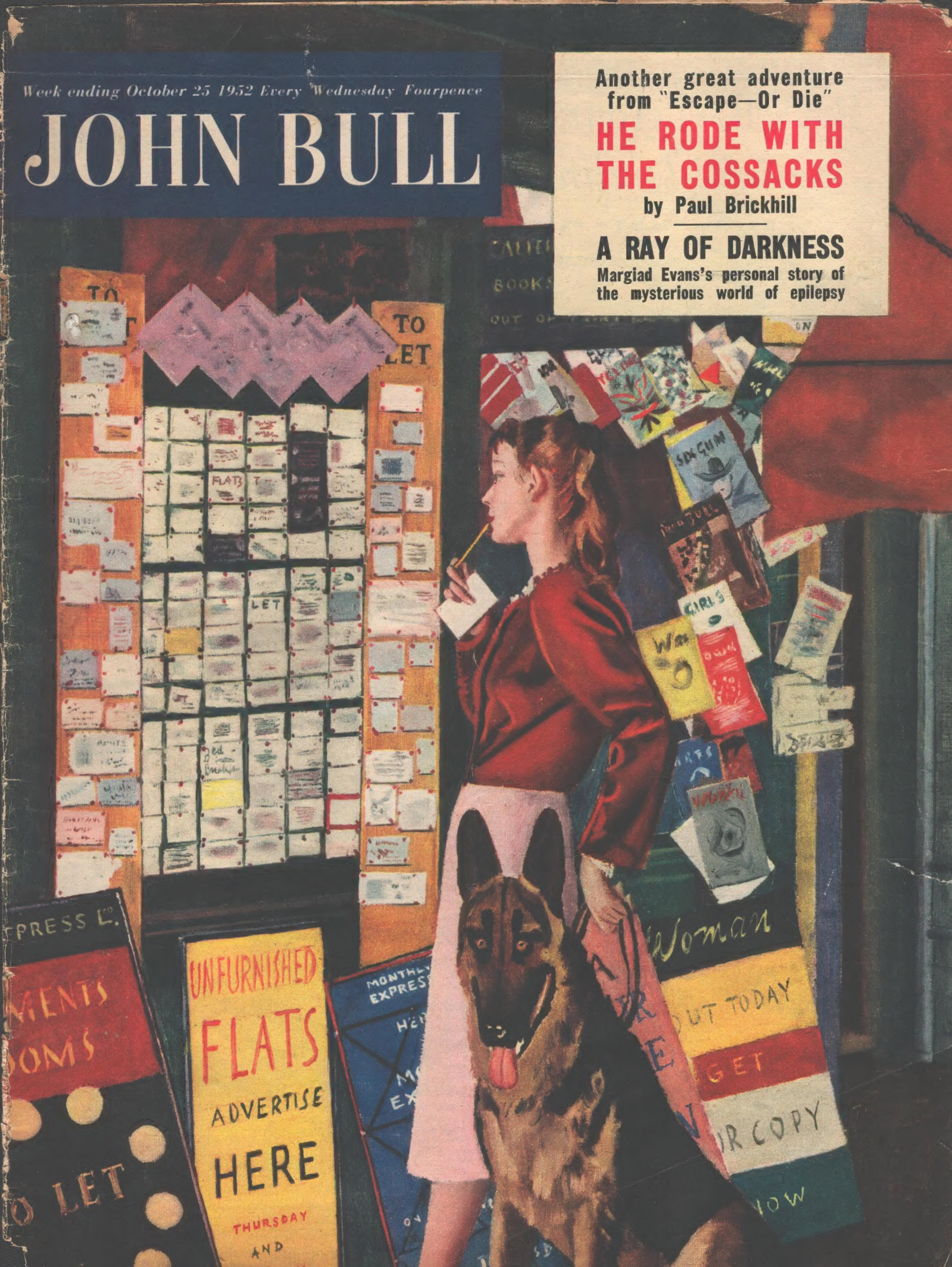
Another great adventure from "Escape—Or Die"

HE RODE WITH THE COSSACKS

by Paul Brickhill

A RAY OF DARKNESS

Margiad Evans's personal story of the mysterious world of epilepsy



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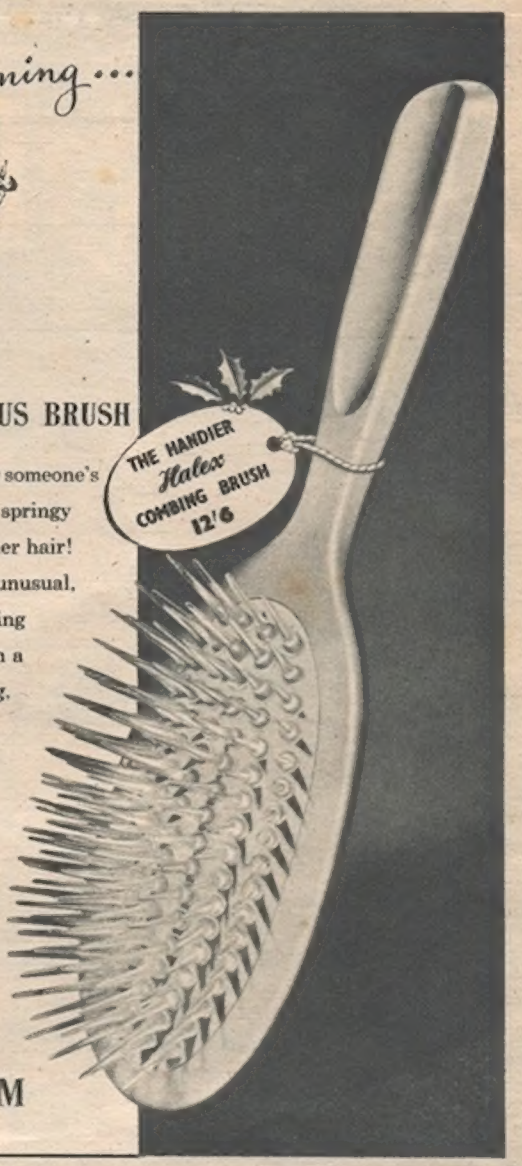
LOOK AHEAD WITH THE WORLD'S MOST LUXURIOUS BRUSH

Here's new lustre and brightness for someone's crowning glory—a brush with long springy quills to burnish the very roots of her hair! Nowhere will you find a present so unusual, a brush that can bring such a tingling thrill. In pretty pastel colours, with a pad that takes out for easy washing, the Halex Combing Brush will be a decoration for even the most glamorous dressing table.



Halex

SOLVES YOUR PRESENT PROBLEM

Scruffy hair looks **awful!**

You can easily end DRY SCALP

Oh,oh,–**DRY SCALP**

Dry, lifeless, untidy hair — just generally *scruffy*. Dry Scalp is enough to put anyone off. If you look like this you need 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic right away!

IS YOUR HAIR DRY, lifeless, untidy, brittle? Do you find flakes of dandruff in your parting, on your collar? Then ten to one Dry Scalp has got *you!*

But take hope — the answer's easy. Just a 20-second daily massage with crystal-clear 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic ends Dry Scalp. (Remember — don't rub; work it in gently, moving the whole scalp.)

This economical hair dressing supplements the natural scalp oils, makes your hair look better, makes your scalp *feel* better. Get some 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic today! 2/9d. and 4/3d. (inc. tax).

That 20-second daily massage with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic certainly does make a difference. Your scalp feels better, and your hair looks better, when you end Dry Scalp. Get a bottle today!

Vaseline* **HAIR TONIC**

THE DRESSING THAT ENDS DRY SCALP

* 'Vaseline' is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Ltd.

4181-7

EDITORIAL

Road murder

LAST year, 216,493 people were injured on the roads, 52,369 of them seriously; and 5,250 were killed. This year the figures are a little lower. In the first eight months of 1952, only 2,968 people were killed in traffic accidents, against 3,248 last year, and 134,068 injured against 137,599.

Only 2,968 dead bodies carted away in ambulances. *Only* 134,068 men, women and children hurt, many seriously. And four of the worst months of the year are still to be accounted for.

THESE figures were given earlier this month to the National Safety Congress. It was clear to delegates that the huge propaganda drive against Death on the Roads has had some effect. Fifty-two fewer children were killed in the first half of the year.

Addressing the conference, Lord Llewellin, president of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents, said: "By a determined effort I hope that, by the end of the year, child deaths will have dropped below 800."

LLEWELLIN
"800 child deaths"

It is appalling when a leading figure in the road safety campaign is forced to regard nearly 800 child murders as good going!

NOW the Ministry of Transport wants beacons at zebra crossings to "wink" all day. How fatuous, when there is no compulsion on pedestrians to use the crossings, at all! The truth is that persuasion has failed.

The present maximum sentences are too lenient, anyway—four months or £50 for a first dangerous or drunken driving offence; six months for a "hardened" drunken driver; £20 for a first offence of failing to report an accident. And even these are rarely applied.

A VAN-DRIVER overtaking a lorry killed a boy cyclist coming towards him; for what the magistrate called an "error of judgment" he was fined one guinea.

A drunken driver who knocked several people through a plate-glass window was fined £10 and disqualified for a year.

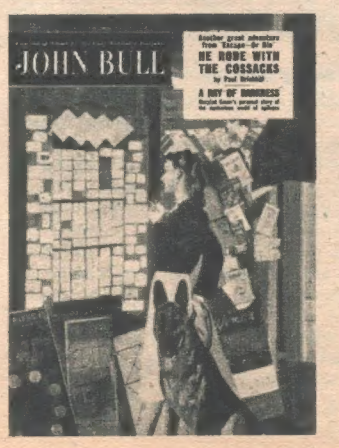
A driver killed a child on a zebra crossing: found guilty of dangerous driving, the motorist was fined £10 and barred from driving for two years.

Clearly what we need is stricter enforcement of existing penalties as well as some tougher ones.

When the first motorist is sent to prison for overtaking on a bend and the first pedestrian fined £50 for not using an available zebra, the casualty figures will miraculously dwindle to a fraction of their present terrifying size.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

A. R. THOMSON, the deaf and dumb Royal Academician, was passing a shop in Chelsea when he saw the scene depicted in his painting. Zealously searching among the usual advertisements of "Room to let—suitable for refined business couple" was a girl with a huge Alsatian. "I felt she was the world's prize optimist," he says. "I can just picture the landlady's face when those two turn up at the door."



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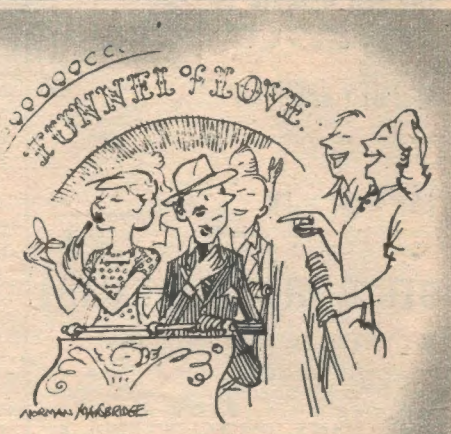

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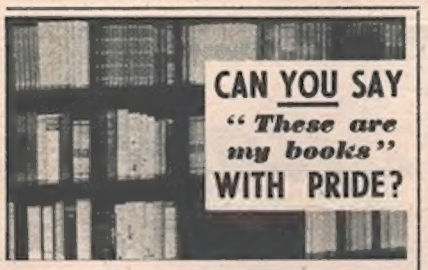

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HEMINGWAY ACROSS THE RIVER AND INTO THE TREES. The master's passionate story, savage but tender, of love in Venice. Cape 9/6 RU 5/-

November
Mrs. ROBERT HENREY THE LITTLE MADELEINE. An absorbing, vital account of a childhood in Montmartre. Recently broadcast. Dent 12/6 RU 5/-

December
THE GREAT ESCAPE PAUL BRICKHILL. *The* P.O.W. story that will live! Fantastic but true. "Almost unbearable tension."—*Listener*. Faber 10/6 RU 5/-

January
THE SEA AROUND US RACHEL L. CARSON. A best-selling scientific study of a world of mystery and excitement. Staples 12/6 RU 5/-

February
STEPHEN SPENDER WORLD WITHIN WORLD. Today's great poet's life and loves in pre-war Germany, Spain and Bloomsbury. Hamish Hamilton 15/- RU 5/-

March
THE WEST PIER PATRICK HAMILTON, author of *Rope* and *Gaslight*. Seaside romance at Brighton combined with mystery. Constable 12/6 RU 5/-

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✱ **EVEN AN ENCYCLOPAEDIA!**

READERS UNION members have the *option* of purchasing countless book bargains. Many are now buying the famous 12-volume EVERYMAN'S ENCYCLOPAEDIA for only 7/6 *instead of* 14/- a volume. Why not you too? Full details of this and all other READERS UNION bargains will be sent to you immediately on enrolment.

SIX MONTHS TRIAL OFFER

A cigarette a day—that's all it will cost you to join READERS UNION for a six months trial! Send 33/- (postage included) now, *or* pay for each book on delivery. But fill in this form today.

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READERS UNION, 38 William IV St., London, W.C.2. (*Or hand to your bookseller*)

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Free Speech

Fifty years in a safe job

A CLERK in the office where I am employed has retired after a lifetime's service. The work he was doing was similar to that which he did when he started with our firm, fifty years ago. Long speeches were made at a staff party to mark his retirement and his picture was published in the local papers.

But what is so wonderful about him? It is easy to stay in the same job if a man is unambitious. If he had risen to be managing director I could have understood the paeans of praise. It is the individual who forces himself out of the rut who deserves to be recognized.—S. D., Surrey.

A Nation's Names

CROSSING to England from the Continent I was asked by an American girl to help her with her immigration forms. She asked blankly, "What does U.K. mean?" When I explained, she replied, "But I'm not going to the United Kingdom, I'm going to England." When I pointed out that the U.K. comprised England, Wales, Scotland and Northern Ireland, she said, "I thought that was Great Britain." I have encountered this confusion among foreigners before. We should be consistent in describing our country. Cars going abroad are labelled G.B., but official documents are marked U.K.—Miss Olwen Fowler, 25 Meriton Road, Handforth, Cheshire.

Dream Home

WITH our new furniture, we moved proudly into our first home. Nine months later we were living in a crazy

house. Sideboard doors would not shut, drawers would not close and chairs rocked where no rock was intended. Our experience cannot be a lone one and other young couples must be sending their furniture back to the makers. Although, in our case, no charge was made when the pieces were put right, surely it would be more sensible to make furniture from properly seasoned timber.—Mrs. F. D., Lincoln.

Overture To War

CHARLES McCormac must have had grim memories of the Johore Straits as he dived into the sea to escape the bullets of the Japanese Zeros ("Escape—Or Die" John Bull, September 20). I knew him before the war with Japan when he was flying with No. 36 (Torpedo-Bomber) Squadron in Malaya. On a practice flight in September, 1939, his Vildebeeste plane crashed into the Straits and McCormac was in the shark-infested waters for thirteen hours before being picked up. The pilot was lost. I was wireless operator in one of the searching planes. We all said at the time that his nerve must have been broken, but Paul Brickhill's story of the escape from the Japanese shows that there was little wrong with it.—W. Melling, Bray, Maidenhead.

. . . I am sure that many readers, like myself, must be wondering what happened to Skinny ("Escape—Or Die," John Bull, October 4), who remained in Sumatra with Li-Tong when McCormac and his companions escaped to Java.—Miss Mary Smith, Lane End, High Wycombe, Bucks.

McCormac returned to Sumatra in 1945 and found that Skinny was living in Palembang at the end of 1944. He never discovered what happened to Skinny and to Li-Tong after that.

Survival After Death

I HAVE now received more than 700 letters arising out of my series "Survival After Death" (John Bull, March-April, 1952), including many thoughtful ones from scientists, doctors and clergy, as well as an impressive number from younger readers and members of the Services at home and abroad. These letters have convinced me that most people today have a real desire to hear of any authentic research into a subject which is leading up to a much closer link between religion and science. Proof of personal survival is only the gateway to more far-reaching truths, including the marvels of spiritual healing. The knowledge of survival has not only given comfort to those who receive it; it has also strengthened their religion by revealing to them some of God's secrets.—Reginald M. Lester, London, E.C.4.

Reginald M. Lester's "Survival After Death" articles were extracts from his book "In Search Of The Hereafter," which has now been published by Harraps.

The story behind a
COMMAND PERFORMANCE
How the greatest variety show of the year is made a one-night-only success
IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

News To Korea

THERE should be cheap-rate telegrams for relatives of Servicemen abroad. I was charged £1 to cable my husband in Korea the news that he had become a father.—Mrs. H. M. Owen, 152 South Park Road, London, S.W.19.

The G.P.O. has a service called E.F.M. Telegrams for H.M. Forces in Korea and Japan, and for men of the Royal Navy in sea-going ships on the Far East station. At any post office, relatives can choose from a list of pre-arranged phrases covering many events. The charge is only 2s. 6d. for the address, text and signature.

Information, Please

MARKING of county boundaries, and signboards indicating geographical features, would interest and enlighten tourists in Britain. When travelling by road or rail, one is never quite sure of the exact point of entry from England into Wales, for instance. I recall my interest and surprise, after climbing a long and steep hill in Jordan, to see a roadside sign reading "Sea-level." On one side of the road was a deep valley with a fast-flowing stream at the bottom.—R. J. Beekes, P.O. Box 2639, Nairobi, Kenya.

The "stream" was the River Jordan. Flowing south to the inland Sea of Galilee, the river falls 680 ft. below sea-level. In a further sixty-five miles it falls 610 ft. to the Dead Sea, which is 1,290 ft. below the level of the Mediterranean.

Test And See

WHY don't all manufacturers of household goods employ a housewife to test their articles before they are mass-produced? We would not then get milk saucepans that don't pour, mops that

cannot be hung up and pans that tip over when released.—Mrs. F. Hadden, Devonshire Avenue, Southsea, Hants.

. . . Before buying a milk saucepan for my wife I told the salesgirl that I wanted to test it. The departmental manager hurried up and explained that no previous customer had ever made such a request. I was adamant and after some argument I was taken to a tap. The saucepan poured perfectly, but if I had taken it home and then found that it did not, my wife would have been annoyed and money would have been wasted.—R. L., Hove.

Many manufacturers employ housewives as advisers, or ask women employees to test their articles before new designs are approved.

Mother's Reaction

GROWN-UPS amaze me. My mother laughed at the cover picture (John Bull, October 4) of a little girl burning the toast while she read a comic. If I had burned the toast while reading a comic, I dare bet my penknife that she would have boxed my ears.—David Massey (aged thirteen), 36 Winstanley Drive, Hinckley Road, Leicester.

Healthy Mouths

WHEN I was a dental hygienist in the W.R.A.F., not more than a dozen of the hundreds of patients whom I treated knew how to clean their teeth properly. The right way could easily be described in dentists' waiting-room diagrams. Expectant mothers should be taught oral hygiene at the pre-natal clinic, so that they could teach their children to clean their teeth properly.—Mrs. M. Osborne, 5 Wells Street, Swindon.

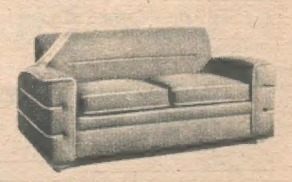
. . . Young people's teeth are in a shocking state, as the editorial "Young Teeth" (John Bull, September 27) points out. But parents can have free treatment for their children at any dentist's and need not rely on the overworked school dental service.—Dental Nurse, Yorkshire.

Caution, Sign Ahead

THIS photograph tells its own story. The signpost advising caution stands at the entrance to an urban district

council building in Sussex.—Eric S. M. Monteith, 11 Park Road, Southborough, Tunbridge Wells.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.



Be sure to see the Blue Ribbon—then you know you are buying a genuine "Put-u-up."

Photographs show 608 "Put-u-up" £30 11s.: Easy Chair £16 17s. Overlay Mattress £3 10s. All tax free.

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furnishes the living room and supplies the bedroom

What a blessing to have the luxurious Put-u-up bed hidden away inside such a handsome and comfort-giving settee. Always ready for nightly or occasional use.

FROM ALL FURNISHERS

POST COUPON FOR FREE LITERATURE. You can have a double bed "Put-u-up" for as little as £24 6s. complete with specially made overlay mattress. Why not write at once to manufacturers (wholesale only) for literature giving full range of "Put-u-ups" and suites. Greaves & Thomas Ltd., Dept. JB08, Clapton, E.5.

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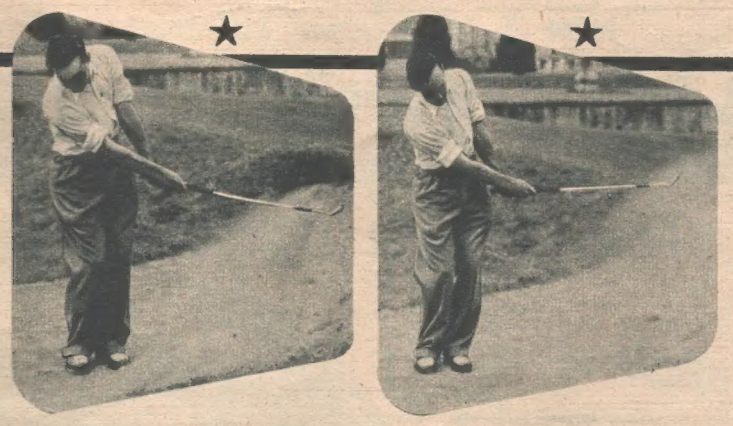
Visit the Put-u-up Showrooms. 3 Princes Street, Regent Street, W.1. Wolfenden Street, Bolton.



The same–until you know

In appearance and in price, Three Threes are as other cigarettes—but you cannot *know*, until you smoke them, just how much extra enjoyment their State Express quality gives you.

STATE EXPRESS

'THREE THREES'

CIGARETTES

20 for 3/7

★ In the above photographs of the bunker shot, the player on the left has made a perfect shot. On the right, he has been too anxious to see the result of his shot. His head has moved slightly, the eyes are not watching long enough the spot where the ball had rested. This fault tends to mar the accuracy of the shot.

I'm worried about you, John

"I'm sure you are working too hard. You are so tired and nervy, and have no interest in food. Can't you take a few days off?"

"*I wish I could, but it's quite impossible. It would only put me still further behind with my work.*"

"Well, if you can't take a rest, will you do something else? I've got some Phyllosan tablets for you. Will you take them?"

"*If Phyllosan will help me get my work done without feeling so worn out, I'll be glad to.*"

"So many people have told me how much good Phyllosan has done, and your father swears by them. But you must promise me one thing."

"*What's that?*"

"That you will remember to take two Phyllosan tablets regularly three times a day before meals."

PHYLLOSAN

fortifies the over-forties

by restoring digestive and metabolic tone

strengthening the nerves and increasing energy

Of all chemists, 3/8, 6/-, **NEW 12/6 SIZE,** *and* 22/4

I took your tip about . .

"THE GOOD LITTLE 'UN"

EVERY MAN knows the satisfaction of picking a "good little 'un" that turns out a winner. That's an *extra* satisfaction you get from Wills's Whiffs, the grand little cigars that give you the real luxury feeling, 25 minutes of it, at a price that even today a man can afford—and tomorrow, too, and the day after.

Give me WILLS'S WHIFFS any day!

Listen, Ladies! When he says "Give me Wills's Whiffs any day" he doesn't mean just his birthday or Christmas. He means whenever you think (or *he* thinks!) he deserves a little present from you.

The little cigar with the BIG reputation

3 for 1/10 • 6 for 3/7½

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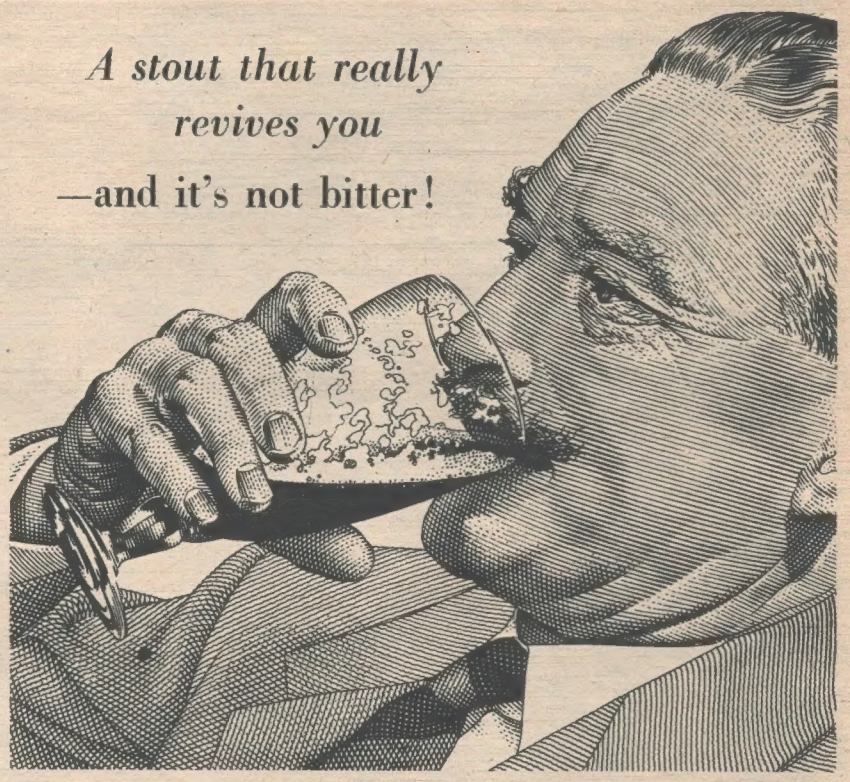
A stout that really revives you

—and it's not bitter!



Although the slightly bitter taste of most stout is widely liked, some people prefer the smoother, softer flavour of Mackeson's. They find a new lease of life in every glass —welcome indeed when the long day's work is done.

MACKESON'S

. . . you'll like it better!

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AT-A-GLANCE!
How to get "Professional finish • The "know-how" of sewing. Stitches, seams, hems, facings, edges, darts, tucks, pleats, gedets, shirring, flounces, etc. • Ways with neck styles, collars, revers, how to set sleeves, shoulder pads, buttonholes, plackets, ribbons, etc. • Cutting out, fitting, trimming, pressing, etc. • Large Pattern section, Measurement Charts.

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WITHOUT OBLIGATION reserve me "Complete Dressmaking in Pictures," send Privilege Invoice with "Full Satisfaction or Money-Back" Guarantee.

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Brylcreem, the perfect hairdressing, comes in tubs 1/8, 2/6 and 4/6, or handy tubes 2/6.

roydx 102/86

John Bull presents another true story of the R.A.F. Escaping Society from Paul Brickhill's great new book ESCAPE—OR DIE

HE RODE WITH THE COSSACKS

"Polish police," Rofe whispered in alarm as three armed men came out of the wood. "Take it easy," said Hillebrand. He went up to the leader

CYRIL ROFE seldom feels strange in strange countries. He was born in Cairo in 1916, and when he grew up he trained for the hotel business at the Swiss Hotel School in Lausanne and, later, in London and Vienna. He was in Vienna when Hitler marched into Austria. Rofe got out ten days later, and on the outbreak of war he volunteered for the R.A.F., and was trained as an observer. He was in the crew of a Wellington bomber of No. 40 Squadron when he was shot down into the Maas Estuary on June 11, 1941, and taken prisoner.

The first time Cyril Rofe escaped he tried walking to Switzerland, where his mother was living, but after ten days' tramping through woods and hills some weekend blackberry pickers pointed him out to a forester armed with a shotgun. Back in the cells at the prisoner-of-war camp at Lamsdorf, the Germans regarded him with the customary Nazi distaste shown to Palestinian soldiers in the British Army, unaware that the Jewish private whose name he had assumed was fraudulently bearing Rofe's name, rank and status as a flight-sergeant navigator in the well-guarded R.A.F. compound.

Rofe, of course, had swapped his identity to facilitate his escape, for the soldiers went out on the lightly-guarded working parties. His friends considered that, if he was so keen to escape by walking through Germany, it was asking for trouble to go as a Jewish soldier, but Rofe's attitude was a kind of stubborn loyalty to his own people.

After the cells he went out with another working party to a Polish coal-mine. A most reluctant miner, he soon went absent and headed on foot for Danzig to stow away in a boat for Sweden. Halfway to Danzig a Polish collaborator gave him away and, back in the Lamsdorf cells, the Germans said that if he made any more trouble he was liable to find himself next time in one of the special camps for Jews. Enough rumours had come out of Auschwitz to make their meaning clear. A couple of guards hinted with satisfaction that all Jewish prisoners would finish up in the special camps anyway.

The winter stopped escape activities for a while, and in the spring of 1944 the arm that was badly broken when he was shot down gave him more trouble, so that it was summer before he went out on another working party. This time it was to help to build wooden

ILLUSTRATION BY HOROWICZ

barracks near Schomberg and Kattowitz, in the far east of Germany—the so-called "Little Ruhr" where the borders of Poland and Czechoslovakia ran down towards the Tatra Mountains.

It was a long way from either Switzerland or Sweden, and he was wryly pondering that point when it occurred to him that only two hundred miles to the east was the advancing Russian Army, and that this distance was liable to be less before long. He had been caught twice trying to escape in the obvious direction; why not, he thought, go the unexpected way? The longest way round might be the quickest way home. He asked Karl Hillebrand, a thin, studious-looking Palestinian corporal on the working party, if he would like to try it with him.

"Might be Auschwitz if we're caught," Hillebrand said.

"It might be Auschwitz, anyway," Rofe answered. "The only way we can make sure of never seeing Auschwitz is to get away from the Huns."

"What about getting through the German lines?"

"Well, the whole area's chaotic. Even if we can't get through, we can hide up somewhere and wait till the Russians bust through."

"O.K.," Hillebrand said. "I'm game."

Walked Out As Germans

By August 20, through exercising prisoner-of-war talents for bribery, ingenuity and theft, they each had forged papers showing them to be Belgian electrical workers with permits to travel to Saybusch, a hundred marks and a store of biscuits, chocolate and cigarettes. Rofe had an old grey suit and a briefcase, and Hillebrand had a dark jacket, grey trousers and a trilby.

At 5.30 a.m. on that day the German guard clumped through the barracks yelling, *"Raus! Raus!"* As soon as he had gone, they brought out their civilian clothes from under the wood-wool palliasses, put them on, pulled borrowed overalls over them and straggled out with the other hundred or so prisoners to the untidy patch where they had been putting up the huts.

The other prisoners, well briefed, started milling around in confusion and Rofe and Hillebrand slipped into one of the finished huts, where they tore off the overalls, tidied their clothes and walked out of the hut like honest Germans. A couple of the prisoners winked, though most of them were clustering round the guards asking questions and diverting their attention. Rofe passed, poker-faced, within five yards of one of the guards, forcing himself to walk naturally, but the guard did not even look at him, and then he and Hillebrand had turned the corner of the last hut and were away.

Crisis At The Tram Stop

They waited in the silent streets of Schomberg for the cross-country tram to Beuthen, and as a man walked down the street towards them, Hillebrand swore quietly, grabbed Rofe's arm and swung him so that they both faced away. "He was working on the wiring at the huts the other day," Hillebrand hissed. "He would remember me." The man stopped just behind them, and they stayed, looking nervously and self-consciously the other way, till the tram arrived and the man climbed into the front compartment. They got into the rear, and the man never glanced round all the way to Beuthen.

In Beuthen they were waiting for another tram to Kattowitz, and a policeman stopped and eyed them speculatively. Rofe turned half away and out of the corner of his eye saw the policeman walking towards him. Sometimes dread is paralysing and nauseous. The policeman was standing by his elbow and said something in German, evidently a question. Rofe's German was not good, and he did not understand. He looked dumbly. The German spoke again, more slowly.

Ah, the time! Rofe looked at his watch and said, with an attempt at a smile: *"Sechs uhr und halb."* The policeman smiled; he spoke slowly again, and Rofe, incredulous, understood

Cyril Rofe and his wife in their flat in Kensington, London. He was awarded the Military Medal for his escape, an later commissioned

that he was apologizing for not speaking German properly. He was Ukrainian, the policeman was saying, not German. It seemed to give him an inferiority complex. Hillebrand, whose German was faultless, had moved to the rescue and was telling the policeman kindly that everyone could not be German. They chatted amiably until the tram arrived, and the policeman got in with them and talked all the way to Kattowitz, which was reassuring when two more police got in at a little village and looked arrogantly round the tram.

The Woman From Berlin

At Kattowitz they boarded a train for Saybusch, and a woman in the opposite seat insisted on telling them about the time she was bombed out of Berlin and what she would do to any R.A.F. airman she got her hands on. Rofe left most of the talking to Hillebrand, bracing himself to agree with the woman now and then. He thought they were getting away with it nicely, but what made the shock all the worse was when a railway policeman swung through the far door and moved from person to person, examining travel permits. There was no escape and their papers were not expert. When the man stood by the seat, Rofe handed over the two permits, taking care not to look directly at him.

The policeman looked at their permits and said something, and as Rofe lifted his eyes fearfully, he vanished behind the seat with the papers. Then, to their amazement, they heard him talking to the people behind, explaining that these were the sort of papers they must have to travel, and they had better have them next time. The policeman returned, handed back their passes with a polite smile, and moved on.

At Saybusch they walked briskly east out of the town, and not till they were out of sight of the houses did Rofe feel confidence seeping back into him. At dusk they slept in a small wood and at dawn walked again, cutting across fields towards the peak of Rabingora that rose out of the flat, Silesian plain miles ahead. Somewhere near the mountain, Germany ended, though their home-made map did not indicate exactly where. Skirting fields where peasants worked, they came at night to the foot of the mountain and rested.

At midnight, Rofe woke Hillebrand; a hush lay over the country and a thin slice of moon shed just enough light to outline the black tree-trunks. Hillebrand pulled on his boots and they walked up the mountain. At first light they climbed over a saddleback and came to a swathe about five yards wide cut through the forest; a few yards along it lay a white stone shaped like a tiny pyramid. They could see the letter "D" on the side facing them.

"This is it," Rofe said excitedly. He ran up to the stone, saw on another side the letter "S," and then "P" on the last side. "Polska," he said, as though he had found a gold mine. The "S," he guessed, was for Slovakia. They were obviously on a point at the frontier where Germany, Slovakia and Poland met. Rofe kicked some dirt over the letter "D," said "Goodbye, Deutschland" with great feeling, and they walked east through the trees into Poland. Poland was thickly occupied by Germans and the "quisling" Polish Police, but that could not damp the joy of being out of Germany.

R.A.F. Were Welcome

The next eight days were remarkable—not for narrow escapes, but for swift progress and lack of drama. They walked by day along dusty roads, across fields, through woods and sometimes, boldly, through primitive little villages, and nothing went wrong. They tramped steadily south-east through the foothills of the Tatra Range, avoiding the main roads to the north on the plain where the Germans were.

At night they slept, sometimes in woods and sometimes in peasant barns and hayricks. Every day they walked boldly up to lonely farmhouses and asked for food, finding the peasants simple and friendly. After a day or two, Rofe felt it was safe enough to tell them that he was R.A.F., and the effect was invariably gratifying. The peasants almost worshipped him. They gave him and Hillebrand what food they could, but that was not much; they had so little themselves. Usually it was a few potatoes and some milk; sometimes a little bread. Rofe had never seen such poor people. Their houses were of baked mud, brick and thatch, usually divided into two rooms with hard earth floors, and the women went barefoot, dressed in shawls and home-spun dresses that hung on them like sugar-bags.

The market town of Markowa straddled a valley road they were following, and rather than climb out of the deep valley to go round it, Rofe suggested that they should walk straight through. It was the last time they made that mistake. Coming up to the town, they saw an S.S. officer standing by the roadside. It was too late to turn back without looking guilty; they walked on, passing within two yards of him, and felt his eyes following them. For a terrifying moment, he looked as though he were going to challenge them, and then he seemed to relax, and they walked thankfully on through the town.

Surprised By Armed Men

On the other side they were dismayed to see a line of German soldiers supervising gangs of Poles digging trenches—obviously a new defence line. Veering away from the road, they found more Germans and Poles stretched across the valley and had to climb for two hours over the hills to the side before they struck a clear path through.

On the eighth morning, ambling casually through a wood, they heard voices through the trees over to the left, and stopped abruptly, hunting for cover, but saw only the thin trunks of the pines, where a cat could hardly have hidden. Through the trees, three men in dark clothes filed into sight; two of them were carrying rifles.

"Polish police," Rofe whispered in alarm. He grabbed Hillebrand, and as they turned to run, one of the men shouted. Two rifles were pointing at them, and the third man, with a revolver in his hand, was running to cut them off. "Take it easy. Don't run," Hillebrand said. He went

up to the one with the revolver, a tall man in his middle thirties who appeared to be the leader.

The man with the revolver said something sharply in Polish. Rofe and Hillebrand shook their heads. Hillebrand began to speak in German and the man demanded (also in German), "Who are you?"

Hillebrand said frankly, "Escaping British prisoners," and Rofe wanted to strangle him. He had braced himself to bluff it out and now, he thought bitterly, it was all over in a moment without even a show of fight. Hillebrand and the Pole were talking in German but it was too fast for Rofe to follow.

Hillebrand handed over his p.o.w. identity disc; the Pole looked at it and spoke again, and this time Rofe understood. "We will help you all we can," the Pole said, and Rofe gaped at him and turned to Hillebrand: "They're going to *help* us?"

"Of course," Hillebrand said, puzzled. "We always thought the partisans would."

"They're *partisans*?"

"Police have uniforms," Hillebrand said patiently. "These chaps don't. It's the first thing I noticed." He told the Pole with the revolver that Rofe had thought they were pro-German police and the Pole nearly wept with laughter, then shook his big fist at Rofe and said slowly in German that he was mortally offended.

In The Partisan Hideout

He introduced himself as Tadek and said he would lead them to a partisan hideout. As they wound through the trees Tadek said they were lucky he had found them; a mile farther on lay the wide Poprad River, swarming with Germans building a new defence line.

The hideout was a small clearing where the partisans had built a wooden hut. Sentries were posted around in the woods and about six more men and a girl were in the hut. Rofe, as a member of the famous R.A.F., was given a hero's welcome; Tadek brought out a bottle of brandy and they all drank individual toasts to the R.A.F. and themselves till the bottle was empty.

The front line, according to Tadek, was about sixty kilometres away. "We will try to get you across the Poprad," he said, "but it will be dangerous to try to get through the front. Why do you not stay with us till the battle goes past?" Neither Rofe nor Hillebrand would think about it. Having come more than a hundred miles in eight days they were too full of confidence, so Tadek shrugged and started telling them about a man named Kmicic who had a partisan band on a mountain called Jaworze, miles across the river.

At midnight, two nights later, he gave them a letter to Kmicic and led them through the woods to the river. The moon was like a cheddar cheese behind a veil of wispy cloud and they lay in the trees and watched a German patrol march along the river bank. "Now," whispered Tadek, and they ran crouching through undergrowth, across newly dug trenches, down to the water and into a punt. Tadek poled them across while others of his band watched over the gunwales with rifles at the ready. On the far bank Tadek briefly wished them luck and poled the punt back.

Questioned By Police

The first day was easy walking, and that night the wind came from the east and they heard the rumble of guns. In the morning, on a dust-laden road just below the foothills, something stirred in the long grass beside the road and two German police stood up and shouted at them to halt. The police, suspicious from the start, demanded to know who they were, where they had come from, where they were going, where they had slept the previous night and so on. They snapped the questions one after the other and Hillebrand, impassive but pale, was struggling to answer them. After seeing their papers the police wanted to know what two Belgians were doing so close to the front.

Autumn 1944. Cyril Rofe, in Cossack uniform, shortly after his escape to the Russian lines

By some miracle Hillebrand knew the name of the next village and said they were detailed for work in Binczarowa. At that moment three Poles came along the road; the police stopped them and asked if there was any work for electricians in Binczarowa. The Poles, after hesitating, said "Yes," and the police sourly waved them all on!

For days the two escapees tramped around Jaworze mountain, and one night, at a friendly farm, they came face to face with Kmicic, an elusive, blue-eyed, dynamic young man who was the hero of the district. Hearing that they wanted to get through to the Russians, he frowned and said they should wait till the Russian forces overran them. Only when both Rofe and Hillebrand insisted did he admit that there was, perhaps, one way. Both armies, he said, were massing for a battle round Tarnów, to the north, and due east of Jaworze was a hilly, wooded area where the front seemed to be fluid. One of his band, a Russian soldier called Achmetow who had escaped from the Germans, might be able to lead them through.

In another hut in the woods he introduced them to Achmetow, a cherubic little man in remnants of tattered Russian uniform. Achmetow spoke a little German and his round apple of a face grinned at the risky prospect of rejoining his own troops. Kmicic drew them a map and, on the morning of September 17, Rofe, Hillebrand and Achmetow, keyed-up, started east. The guns were thumping louder at night now but still sounded far away.

All the first day they kept asking peasants where the line was, but the peasants shook their heads vaguely until a farmer, who had lived years in America and spoke fluent English with an American accent, said, shrugging and throwing his hands out expressively, that there was no line. Some Russians had broken through not far away, and scattered patrols of both sides were ranging over the country. Two days ago some Russians had been reported only three kilometres away.

Rofe said, when they had left the farmer, "I don't like this. There must be a line somewhere."

"It can't be very near or we would be seeing

Continued on page 28

The valley of gold

by ***STUART CLOETE***

ILLUSTRATED BY CASWELL

If I were rich, he thought, I'd return to the city; I'd marry Helen. And he *was* rich now—fabulously rich!

SIKOKOLAND, in the north-eastern Transvaal, is poor farming country, rough and mountainous, but it has plenty of water and a great diversity of minerals. There are traces of gold, platinum, silver, lead, tin and copper, but none of it worth working. It was as if the gods, when they put in the big deposits elsewhere, just brushed off their hands in Sikokoland, dusting the mountains with the fragments that stuck to their enormous fingers, letting them fall where they might, regardless of the usual association of minerals insisted upon by the geologists.

So, it was a land where a man, riding about after his cattle, counting, looking for sick or dead beasts, might dream of wealth and the things that accompany wealth. Shiny motor cars, radios, big houses with gardens filled with flowers, theatres and restaurants, women in evening dress, girls, rich food and wine. All the things that are believed, by those who have not got them, to create happiness. As if gold were a cow that calved joy.

That, at any rate, was the way Frederic le Seur looked at it. He felt that Mammon was more likely a golden cow than a bull, and he often wondered if he'd ever find her. Fred was an educated man and he'd inherited the farm from his uncle. In the beginning it had seemed a good thing, but droughts had knocked the bottom out of his first hopes, and success now depended more on good luck than good farming. You couldn't farm well here. All you could do was to work hard and then hope and pray. Suppose you did get a calving percentage of sixty-eight per cent, what was the good of it if you lost half the calves?

The other thing he had in his mind was girls. *A* girl, in fact. She was called Helen. But she'd never come here. Not into the blue like this. He liked the place himself. The quiet of it, and the strange, wild beauty. Sometimes, when he thought of money and dissociated it from Helen, he thought of what he could do with it here. A big dam, for instance. Irrigated lands, flumes, six-inch pipes, a pumping plant, fences. Lord, it would be a different picture then.

And then he thought of Magdalena. She was the daughter of his neighbour, Jan Fourie. Their homestead was only twelve miles away. She was a pretty thing in a wild way. A girl who'd never been to a big town and didn't seem to want to go. He thought how she would amuse Helen. Make her laugh with her talk of flowers, and sitting hens, and vegetables. And how to make bread with dried hops instead of yeast. Why, Helen had no idea that people still made bread, or milked cows, or killed chickens. Those things came from shops. She looked no further than that. But Magdalena had said something to him one day when she'd been showing him her flower garden. *Blomtuin*—bloom town, she called it.

She'd said, "*Meneer*, do you know what I think?"

"No," he'd said, thinking it was something about the garden.

"Well," she said, "I think there is gold on your farm."

"Why do you?"

"Well," she said—she generally began her sentences with "well"—"when I was a little girl, a man came here looking. He had two donkeys and tools."

"A prospector?"

"*Ja*. Old Frank we called him. Well," she said again, "one day he showed me a piece of gold he'd found. It was big and rough. Like a piece of golden coal, but smooth to touch, and heavy. He said this was one of the babies. And he was going after the mother in the mountains. He was here for months and found more nuggets. One day he disappeared. There was a search made, but he was never found and it was all forgotten. You see," she said, "he told no one else about the gold. Just me, because I was a child and he made me promise to say nothing. And I haven't till now."

"I expect he just left the country—found nothing and drifted off. They do, you know. Prospectors are like that."

THEY went and sat on the steps of the stoep, and Magdalena said: "When you took over Sterkfontein, did you not find a herd of wild donkeys there?"

"Yes, I did," he said.

"Well," she said, "if he went, why did he not take his donkeys with him? He had a pair—a jack and a mare. Your wild donkeys are descended from them."

"You think the old man's dead?"

Magdalena looked at him. "Yes," she said, "he's dead. And the gold is still there if you can find it."

That was two years ago. It had all passed out of his mind, or most of it had. That is to say, it was still there but covered up with other hopes, and new disappointments. With other, later

"You think the old man's dead?" he asked

dreams, with thoughts of Helen and the things he'd give her if he had the money.

Sterkfontein was an enormous place. A block of six big farms, and very difficult to handle, for though the north end of the farm was flat, it rose into low hills and ridges towards the centre and had, in the middle of it, a mountain that was inaccessible to anything except the baboons that lived there, and the leopards that preyed on them—twenty-odd thousand acres of useless land. In the four years he'd been on the place he had not yet explored the whole of it. Not even all the parts that it was possible to reach on horseback.

But the wasteland was magnificent hunting ground. He had shot many species of animal there. One animal had always evaded him—a great koodoo bull that he'd seen several times and never got a shot at. If only he could get those great corkscrew horns! Somehow, hunting that koodoo was tied up with his thoughts of Helen. If he got him he'd be lucky with her, too. Hunting him became in his mind a kind of courtship with Helen.

When a man lives alone with a couple of dogs, his horses and cattle, and a dozen native herders, strange things occur to him. Psychologists

her. Magdalena looked at him. "Yes," she said. "And the gold is still there if you can find it"

have names for them—compulsion, identification, sublimation. It was none of these things actually, but it had elements of them all. It was while he was in this mood one day that he picked up the koodoo spoor again. There was no mistaking it, and he decided to have another go at him; so, abandoning his search for a missing clump of cows, he took the rifle from his saddle scabbard and rode slowly through the bush with his dogs at heel.

Today he would be lucky. Somehow he was sure of it. Of course, this was not the way to hunt, riding casually through the bush with his dogs. Before, when he'd been after koodoo, he'd left the dogs at home, left his horse standing with the reins trailing, and had followed the spoor on foot, working this way and that, up wind, pausing, treading lightly, trying to think what the koodoo would be doing, what food he'd favour—the beans from some of the thorn trees, the Kaffir oranges, the marulas that had fallen. All favourite foods of his kind. But now luck was with him. To hell with caution. He'd just drift through the bush of the foothills on his horse and hope to see the koodoo standing somewhere where he could get a shot.

His hunch was right. Suddenly he saw the koodoo standing between two trees. It stood with its head turned towards him, the great curling horns held high. Le Seur swung his horse right, dropped the reins on its withers and fired. He heard the bullet hit, and the buck leapt forward with two dogs after him. He'd fired too quickly, but he'd hit him all right, and hit him pretty hard, but a bit low and too far back. He galloped after the dogs. The buck was making for a kloof. They'd bring him to bay there. It was a dead end that drove into the body of the mountain. He heard the dogs baying, and then, suddenly, there was silence.

He cantered forward. He found the place where the buck had stood. He could see from the spoor and the blood how it had faced the dogs. There was nothing beyond now but a wall of rock and thick, thorny bush. How could they have disappeared? They had not come past him, they could not have gone on. He dismounted and left his horse standing. The rock face was solid. The bush—a koodoo could go through thick bush in a remarkable manner. And he had. There was the spoor, and the spoor of the dogs, the patches of blood.

Le Seur fought his way into the scrub. It was dark inside the patch. In a few moments, his eyes got used to the gloom. A cave—there was a cave beyond the scrubby thorns.

He entered it. More blood. If they were in there, why was there no sound? He could hear the drip of water as he went on. He saw light. How could there be light in the middle of the mountain? He came to a shallow stream and walked through it. This was a discovery. A subterranean river. He could turn the water. Make a dam. There was plenty of fall and good land below. This was good.

He went on towards the light. He heard the dogs now. They had brought the koodoo to bay again. "Hold him!" he shouted. "Hold him! I'm coming." He ran forward. He saw the dogs and the buck. There was more light. He saw the koodoo and the dogs silhouetted against the bright light of day. My God! A valley in the mountain. A valley like a teacup.

The buck broke from the dogs as he ran forward and burst into the light. It ran out into the open with the dogs following. Suddenly, two hundred yards away, it faltered and fell.

So I killed him, he thought. He stood to watch the dogs close in, but they didn't. They staggered, and he saw them writhing, turning their heads towards him, screaming with fright, as they fell. He saw them kicking about all mixed up with the koodoo, but not on him.

He called, "Ranger!"

The dog lifted his head and looked back, and then fell again. The bitch Goldy did not move. Something queer. Snakes, perhaps—a nest of snakes. Then Ranger staggered to his feet and came back, but he looked funny. He looked different. His colour was changed. It was no longer a rich chestnut red, it was grey—almost opalescent. He could hardly move. He dragged himself nearer.

"My God!" Le Seur said. "My God!" Ranger fell almost at his feet. Grey—so that was why he was grey. Ranger had disappeared under a mass of ticks. Thousands, hundreds of thousands, covered him. Between the grey mass of ticks he could see the red of his oozing blood. Ranger was finished—almost bloodless. He raised his rifle and put a bullet into his head.

As if the ticks knew that their host was dead, they detached themselves from the dog and came towards Le Seur. A grey army. More ticks were crawling in from the veld. Big, brown crablike ticks, grey, pearly ticks, black ones. The dog was free of them now. He looked as if he'd been flayed.

Le Seur retreated. The water. That was what had held them back. He crossed the stream and sat down. The ticks came to the water's edge and stopped. A few were washed down the stream.

He sat down on a shelf of stone. Ticks, he thought, ticks by the million. What did they live on? Then he thought of the valley. It was big—eight or ten thousand acres and no one had suspected its existence. Eight or ten thousand acres of beautiful ground. He was sure of that from the enormous trees that were growing in it. Primeval, no fire had ever touched it. And the formation. What was the geological explanation? A volcano no doubt. An ancient crater that had in some way held its shape when the masses that hid it were thrown up around it.

He ran his hand through his hair. He was sweating. He lit a cigarette. The flash of the match illuminated the cave. What was that over there? He went to the corner and lit another match.

There were the remains of a blanket, some cooking utensils, the ashes of an old fire, a Martini Henry carbine, some ammunition, and some cans of bully beef. Good Lord, it was all old stuff. Someone had lived here a long time ago. He moved the blanket and lit another

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A RAY OF DARKNESS (2): The moving case-history of a mysterious affliction

I learn to live with epilepsy

by MARGIAD EVANS

This graphic personal story describes treatment by drugs and the experience of being in a world that nobody can really understand

Margiad Evans in her cottage with her husband.

DURING MY EXAMINATION of the room when I returned to consciousness after my first epileptic fit, I did not speak to my dog, or make any noise. It was after midnight and, except for the dog, I was completely alone in our isolated cottage, for my husband was away at his teacher's training college. One loud groan came from me with the awful, flashing revelation of the truth; and that I heard. My terror was that, before help could be fetched, I might go into another fit.

Therefore, mind and body now fused and working clearly, with no feeling of illness or confusion, I began to make things as safe as I could while preparing to run to my neighbours. I acted quickly and briefly, as if I had become some swift, urgent story. The things I did are curious, considering my fear of another imminent attack, for they need not have been done and show, perhaps, that mentally I was not as normal as I felt.

First, I changed my clothes completely. Then I thought of the milk in the blue-banded jug and took it out of the hot room. The fire I avoided —it was safe enough inside the fender anyhow— but I put out the lamp. Finally, locking the door I went up the lane with my dog by my side. It was then long past one in the morning.

It was exactly as if I had committed a murder and was determined to trim off the deed properly. In fact, the comment of one friend to whom I told these details afterwards, was, characteristically, "What a terrible murderess you would make!"

My neighbours were asleep, the house dark. Relentlessly I knocked and banged on the door. When they came down, pale and sleepy, and saw me standing in the porch I just said: "I have had a fit, I think. Will you ring up the college hostel and get M——."

I remember no more of that night distinctly. I had reached safety and shelter and kindness. There was no more danger. They took me in as if people banging them up in the middle of the night saying they had had seizures was a common occurrence. They put me to bed on their sofa, gave me hot tea and a hot water bottle, and got my husband. Then they put him to sleep beside me on a camp bed. I slept.

Only One Strange Thing

In the morning I asked Mrs. B—— if she had noticed anything strange about me. I knew her well, of course, after so many months, and always called her Betty. She said: "There was only one thing. You said Mrs. B——. And you were a queer yellowy-grey."

The next day I spent in bed at the cottage and my husband had leave to stay with me. The doctor came: Dr. Y———, to whose care and that of Professor —— I owe my partial recovery, and may owe the whole if I outlive this long-lived disease. He examined me with care, found heart, lungs and all organs in proper order, and said he could not explain it.

"But I can," I said. "It was an epileptic fit."

His only answer to that was: "Why should it be?"

My conviction was and is that he suspected at once. For he said to my husband in the garden: "She knows too much." And I do not think he said it in derision. If he had been acquainted with the circumstances of my childhood, living so near a large epileptic colony, and known that, only a few months before, I had returned to that neighbourhood of afflicted people, he would have been certain that mine was no hysterical diagnosis, little right as I had to make it to anyone but myself.

He was all patience, thoroughness and good humour towards that annoying type of patient who declares her own disease to her doctor. He prescribed luminal, and made an appointment for me to be seen by Professor —— at a neurological institute as soon as possible. Meanwhile, his advice was to take the luminal and go on the same as usual. Professor —— would tell me one way or the other and they would make an electro-encephalogram (a chart of the brain). Just to wait.

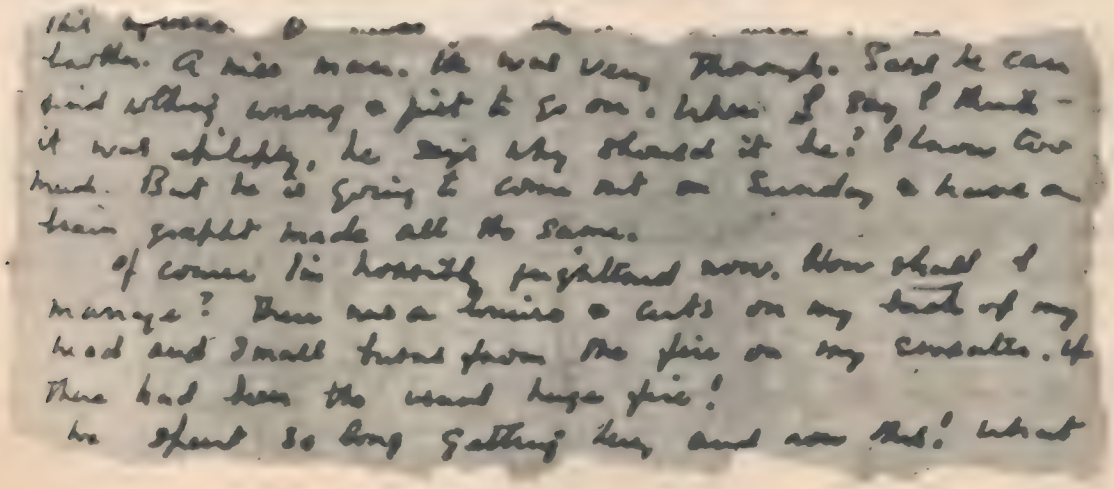
Just to wait.

The appointment was for June 8.

To wait. To wait.

And now, I, whose mental processes had been so uncannily accelerated for years, whose imagery was so urgent, over-crowded, like an orchestra choked with instruments, had to spin out thoughts as a curtain against fear and horror. Fear of the yet unexperienced cycle of the fits, the intervals between them; horrors of myself. Every waking was a shock and an enigma: "Is this myself? Is it a nightmare?"

I was so sure that I used to tell myself every morning as soon as I woke: "You are an epileptic." For the rest of the day I would



"Of course, I'm horribly frightened now." An extract from Margiad Evans's diary when she first discovered that she was an epileptic

After her first fit, she wrote: "I felt as if I had committed a great crime"

Pause to chat with neighbours. Illness helped her to know her village

protest and try to believe that I was not. Thus I was prepared for either truth, like all cowards.

"Just go on as usual." And we did. My husband had gone back to sleep at the college hostel and was home at the weekends only. What to *do*? Life was my waiting-room. Just as on my holiday in Ireland, my headaches, dizziness and much of my mental velocity, were gone. Indeed, since having the major fits, these have never returned. The disease absorbed its own triviata—they vanished into it, as they had into happiness, enjoyment and liberty a year before.

I expected to be a different person, just as if I had committed a great crime or been converted to a sexual perversion. I found myself unchanged—except for the fear, which made me stop and tremble all over as I had on the night of the fit itself.

Found A Cut On My Head

In spite of an inner certainty to which it was necessary to confess once a day, I argued against its having been epilepsy. The morning after the fit, on combing my hair I had found a cut an inch long at the base of my head at the back, evidently done in falling backwards on to the steel-edged fender. Could that have caused the incontinence, I asked the doctor? No, he said, it would not account for that, though if I had knocked myself out, it might account for the length of time I lay unconscious.

The fit, then, I told myself, might not have been a very bad one. If the cycle was wide enough—if the intervals between the attacks were far enough apart—it might be a bearable affair altogether. I was strong, I could work, I was in no pain, and I found the earth as enigmatically wonderful as ever. There is, however, a strong morbid or puritanical tendency in me; this caused me to think that I had committed some wrong, some mistake, in my past life, for which I had to pay. "I must start again on my Emily Brontë book. I must do something to keep myself calm and decent," I wrote in my diary.

Days Of Restlessness

I could not settle to gardening but lay on the grass with my manuscripts. In vain the cabbage butterflies lifted themselves like white admonitory fingers. The weeds started to grow. The yellow-hammers grew hardy and perched near me, letting out their little beggarly cries: "A-little-bit-of-bread-and-*no*-cheese," and the little bird that is like a tiny forge and reminded me of our own home village and brook, clanged in the ivy. Meanwhile, I took such precautions as I could. I put a guard on the fire and, on the weekday nights when I was alone, I went to bed in daylight, to avoid the danger of a lamp.

On June 8 I went to be seen by Professor —— at the neurological institute. I could remember every detail of that day, even if it were not written in my diary, under the characteristically dramatic heading of "The Lonely Journey."

It began sadly. A very hot day was beginning and, as I shut the cottage gate, a big car flew past me up the lane, blowing me aside like a curtain. When I reached the crossroads, my friend Mrs. B——'s beautiful tabby cat was dead on the road. I stopped only a moment to tell them and hurried on, for it was a mile to the bus which would carry me into Cheltenham to catch the long-distance coach. But I heard my friend crying because the cat was her child's and a favourite and it had seemed so cruelly unnecessary.

As I neared the institute, the heat was thundery, the traffic seemed insane and impulsive beyond fathoming, and my head was aching very badly. I had my luminal in my pocket but would not take any. Tired and dulled by headache, with that tautness of the skin which comes over people about to enter a health institute and face a strange specialist, I have, nevertheless, not often experienced such velocity of thought as on that journey. Soul or spirit, or integral being, whichever the true self is, had left me; and only the mental processes remained. My brain seemed all over my body. But, now, when the bus stopped at the foot of a hill in the bright fields, I was face to face with my own stale dilemma.

I remember a black pony, glossy in his summer coat, standing under some bushy old trees in a little paddock, switching the flies off his haunches with his long tail, and wondering what should be *my* certainty when I next saw him in his. And a car coming down the hill bashed to the road a chestnut leaf which I picked up and held all the time they were binding the machine on to my head and taking the first electro-encephalogram of my brain.

Lights Dangled Before Me

I lay there holding the green thumbless hand of the leaf while things clicked and machinery came to life, and commands to gasp, to open and shut my eyes, reached me from across the unseen room, as though by wireless. Lights like comets dangled before me, slow at first and then gaining a fury of speed and change, whirling colour into colour, angle into angle. They were all pure ultra unearthly colours, mental colours, not deep natural ones. There was no glow in them but only activity and revolution.

When this was over I was shown in to see Professor ——. This man of international reputation, this great detective of neurotic diseases, looked like a detective of fiction, so straight and sheer a glance came from his eyes. The room in which he sat was furnished with him, with papers, a large window, a desk and two chairs, one of which I was ordered to take. For me, it

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"Kensitas—that's Good!"

This model shows the smartest clothes,
For that's her livelihood.
In smoking, too, she shows good taste!
They're Kensitas—that's good!

(Kensitas—that's good Virginia tobacco)

His locomotive rushes on—
Through valley, field and wood;
He's happy ticking off the miles
To Kensitas—that's good!

(Kensitas taste better)

He hasn't bagged a single bird
(As sportsmen really should)!
He hasn't any grouse at all
With Kensitas—that's good!

(The best tobacco is bought for Kensitas)

MELLOW, GOOD-TASTING FOR GOOD SMOKING

KENSITAS — THAT'S GOOD VIRGINIA TOBACCO

In her husband's land at last, Cherry gets a kiss from his mother (holding Margaret) and a hug from his father. Gordon Parker is holding Kathleen

Cherry Parker's love breaks down the barriers

by JOHN HETHERINGTON

For the Japanese bride of an Australian, there was no smooth road to happiness. It needed three years of faith, hope and terrorized waiting before she won through with her babies

MELBOURNE

ONE OF THE DWELLINGS wrecked when the atom bomb burst on Hiroshima at 8.20 a.m. on August 6, 1945, was a mud-walled frame house about a mile from the centre of the explosion. A Japanese artisan and his wife and two children died as their home collapsed, but the blast capriciously spared the life of a sixteen-year-old girl who was in the kitchen at the time. Her name was Nobuko Sakuramoto, which means Cherry Root.

A small, black-haired girl, with bright brown eyes and orange-tan complexion, Cherry Root saw the walls crumble about her. When she regained consciousness, she was lying in a kind of tented shelter, freakishly contrived of fallen beams and other wreckage. She crawled from under the debris and ran blindly, one of the panic-stricken thousands trying to escape from the fury unleashed by the bomb.

At that time, Cherry Root's name meant nothing to the Government of the Commonwealth of Australia. Today it is familiar to every member of Australia's Federal Cabinet, and to most of Australia's eight-and-a-half million citizens. For, after a three-year battle on the issue of individual freedom, the terrified girl of Hiroshima's darkest hour landed in Australia in July to settle in Melbourne with her Australian husband, ex-Corporal Gordon Holroyd Parker, and their two young children.

Bride From A Hated Nation

Since Pearl Harbour, Cherry Parker is the first Japanese to be admitted to Australia as a permanent resident. Her children, three-year-old Margaret and twenty-one month old Kathleen, play today in the garden of a large and pleasant home in a Melbourne suburb. In wet or cold weather, they tumble about the floor of a bright-walled nursery, decorated with painted fairies and rabbits. But if ex-Corporal Parker had been less steadfast in his belief that a citizen of a democracy has an inalienable right to marry the girl of his choice, no matter what her race, the children would be inmates of a Japanese orphanage. Their mother would be married to a Japanese or in a Japanese brothel.

Cherry Parker is important less as an individual than as a symbol. She belongs to the nation which Australians at large hate more than they hate any other nation on earth. The healthy wartime antipathy of Australians for Germans, Italians and other enemy nationals hardly outlived VE-Day. The Japanese were a different matter. They murdered an uncounted number of Australian officers and men captured in battle. In addition, 20,116 Australian prisoners of war languished in Japanese hell-camps. They were starved and tortured. More than a quarter of them died in captivity. The survivors, and the Australian people, will not forget in a hurry.

Yet Australians have welcomed Cherry Parker with hardly a flicker of hostility. Most of them probably disapprove of Parker's selection of a

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CAPTAIN IN THE WATER

by F. E. KNIGHT

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD OSMOND

The skipper hated the sight of young Wilson. And now, when it was every man for himself, he had to save Wilson's life. That, at least, was his intention

CORBETT GAVE THE ORDER to abandon ship and waited on the bridge to see it carried out. The weather, though still bad, was moderating. This, he reflected, was the irony of fate; that having destroyed his ship the elements should rest, contented. Had they done so twenty-four hours ago—or even twelve—he might have saved her.

Now there was no hope. Already the bows were low in the water. Every third wave engulfed the fo'c'sle head and even in the captain's imagination it no longer rose to meet them. The hatches of the forward holds had collapsed first; that was where the bulk of the water lay. Aft, where one of the hatches was still intact, there was a reserve of buoyancy which held the stern of the ship high, so that the screw had long since thrashed only the empty air and had been stopped.

Two hours ago, when the pumps had choked with debris from smashed hatches and cargo, Corbett had ordered the engineers to blow down the boilers and evacuate the engine-room. Now only the last act remained: to abandon the ship herself before the sea swallowed her.

For ten years Corbett had been master of this ship, and of others before her. He should have retired last year when the owners suggested it; but he had cherished a secret ambition to complete his half-century at sea. He had told the owners—Corbett was not a man to ask favours—to leave him alone for one more year. Therein, too, lay the irony of fate. Forty-nine years with a clear record; fifty to end in disaster.

Perhaps it was also irony—but man-made, not of fate—that at the end of this last voyage he was to have handed the ship over to young Wilson, his present chief officer and of all men, in Corbett's biased judgment, the least worthy.

Wilson had been promoted rapidly to chief officer; too rapidly, Corbett held. Because a man was brilliant at passing exams . . . Corbett remembered with satisfaction that he had told the owners, "If I stay on another year it'll be doing both you and Wilson a service. Wilson isn't ready for command. He's still wearing napkins. He's a textbook sailor."

Now Wilson would never have this ship. Not that there was any satisfaction in that. He would get another ship; Corbett never would.

On both sides of the boat deck the crew were assembling. They came, as Corbett had instructed, without encumbrances except for their blankets; but the stewards were carrying extra food—chocolate, condensed milk, tins of biscuits—to supplement the emergency rations already in the boats. Corbett had assured them there was no need for undue haste. This was to be an orderly evacuation. The ship might last an hour yet; but probably not much longer.

A wave, bigger than the common run, swept over the fo'c'sle head, rolled majestically along the fore deck, burst against the bridge. Corbett felt the ship recoil from the shock. There had been weight in that sea. Now the fo'c'sle head could not be seen. It had dipped, and remained submerged. The forward holds were awash to the hatch coamings. A barrel floated out of one and was smashed against a winch.

Corbett raised his megaphone. "Get moving!" he warned the crews. "Not much time now!"

His own boat was almost ready and swinging outboard in the davits. Most of her men were in her, but a few remained on deck holding her steady. In her stern stood the third mate, no more than a boy, deputizing for the captain and gravely aware of his responsibility.

On the starboard side of the ship the second mate was lowering his boat to deck level. She, too, was partly manned and almost ready. Only the chief officer's boat remained in board. Wilson had been late in assembling his crew. Now one of the davits had jammed and the carpenter was slogging it with a maul.

Corbett roared, "Mr. Wilson, we are abandoning ship! What the devil's the matter?"

Wilson glanced up at the bridge only momentarily. He did not reply. If he had done so the wind would have swept his words away. He watched the carpenter, pointed to something, and suddenly the davit moved.

Corbett was angry, but mainly with himself. He had achieved nothing to his own credit. The old hands would be grinning and muttering, "Skipper's getting rattled." The younger men would be flustered, imagining the urgency to be greater than it was.

Wilson had that sort of effect on him; had always done.

To relieve his feelings, Corbett shouted to the third mate. "Lower away when you're ready, Mr. Green. Pull off and stand by for me. I'll jump."

THE third mate raised his hand in acknowledgment and gave an order. The second mate, taking the instruction for granted, did the same.

Corbett cursed Wilson silently. Textbook sailor! What else could one expect? But for him, the skipper might be leaving now in his own boat, in comfort. Because of Wilson he must jump.

Until that moment the possibility that he might go down with his ship had not occurred to him. He had been too long at sea; had battled too often—and conquered—for that kind of romantic notion to appeal to him. Now, with the prospect looming large, his instinct was to fight it. The sea might take his ship; it would not take him without a struggle.

He noticed that the lashings had been cut away from the life rafts on the boat deck so that they would float away clear when the ship sank. That must have been Wilson's work. It would explain why he was late in assembling his crew.

At last Wilson was ready. He cupped his hands to his mouth and called, "Come on sir! All away now!"

Corbett guessed the meaning of wind-scattered words and of the gesture that followed them; but he pretended he had not. He cried through the megaphone, "Lower away! Get clear before she goes!"

Wilson signalled to the men at the falls and the boat dropped swiftly.

Corbett was relieved that the last boat had gone; but he was angry that Wilson had once again forced him to adopt an absurd position. He had no justification for refusing to go in Wilson's boat; none, except that adolescent idea that a skipper should go down with his ship, and his own unreasoning obstinacy. If Wilson's had been the only boat afloat he would not have gone in it.

The ship lurched suddenly and seemed to drop. Corbett saw that the sea now swept over the whole fore deck uninterruptedly and was beating greedily against the bridge itself. Aft, the stern was silhouetted against the sky. The funnel, canting forward, seemed to overhang the bridge.

Corbett raised his megaphone for the last time. "Pull away! She's going!" Then he grabbed a lifebelt and dropped over the side.

AT first he was conscious only of the numbing cold of the water. Later, as his brain began to function, he remembered the lifebelt and trod water to put it on. Only then did he discover that he no longer had it. He must have lost it when he struck the sea.

For a few seconds he searched, failed, and began to swim away from the ship. The sea played with him, flung him from side to side, swamped him, tried to crush him. Once, when he was held aloft on the crest of a wave, he saw one of the boats pulling away. He wondered if they had been looking for him and had now given up. He wondered when the ship would plunge and draw him down. With a shock, he realized that he no longer cared.

He thought he heard men shouting. He turned on his back and saw the stern of the ship towering high, beginning to slide. He heard the crash of collapsing bulkheads and bursting air pockets. In panic, he struck out again with all the power in his aching limbs. He felt, rather than heard, the roar as the ship went; like the thunder of an express train passing close overhead. The sea drew him back and down. He ceased to struggle, but automatically held his breath. Down—down—into darkness and chaos.

His lungs were bursting; his body pounding to the beat of his straining heart. In the instant of defeat the sea released him. He shot upwards and his body burst from the surface of the sea. The daylight blinded him and he closed his eyes. In his mind he was still rising, far up to the heavens and the blessed relief of death.

His limbs moved unconsciously to keep him afloat while his lungs filled and refilled themselves with air. And, unreasonably, almost abruptly, he had no wish to live. He had pitted his strength and his will against the sea, and beaten it, for the last time. Now let the sea take him.

He realized in a moment of dazzling clearness

Corbett rolled over on to the raft and stretched out his hands, exhausted. He grabbed Wilson's arm. "Come on, man!" he gasped. "Catch hold!"

that these had been the two forces impelling him from the beginning: on the one hand the conviction that he must never let the sea defeat him; on the other that his life was finished. Retirement—what was that? Stagnation, decay and eventual death. Why not accept death now and eliminate the rest?

For the second time, in the moment of accepting death he was recalled. He heard a shout, opened his eyes, and saw not a dozen yards away one of the ship's emergency rafts. It twisted and tumbled in the confused sea, and behind it a man clung to it, struggling, apparently unable to scramble on to it. The man was the chief officer, Wilson.

Corbett did not ask himself what had happened. He knew. Wilson had failed to get his boat clear before the ship plunged. It had capsized in the confusion. Somewhere in the maelstrom a score of other men would be struggling.

He struck out for the raft. He was conscious now of neither exhaustion nor cold. Wilson, the fool, had lost his nerve. He was kicking futilely, shouting. In a few minutes he would let go, and that would be the end.

Corbett reached the raft, gripped it, hoisted himself waist high, and rolled over on to the tiny, tilting deck. He lay across it, stretched out his hands and gasped, "Come on, man! Catch hold!" He caught Wilson's arm and pulled.

Corbett's weight prevented the raft from tipping. Perhaps, too, his presence inspired the younger man with confidence. Now the chief officer lay beside him, panting, "Jove, sir, that was a good effort!"

Corbett did not reply. At last his body was rebelling. It complained that it was old, that it had exerted itself long enough, that it should not have been called upon to make that final effort. It could spare no breath for speech. Wilson was so much younger; so much more resilient.

Also, Corbett was puzzled. He should have felt only contempt for the man beside him. Instead, he felt almost kindliness. Perhaps it was pity; or was it that, having saved Wilson's life, he could no longer hate him?

WILSON had raised himself on one elbow. "There's a boat coming," he said. "Looks like the third mate's." He turned to the skipper with something like affection in his eyes. "I reckon he never expected to see you alive any more. I don't think any of us did. You must be damned tough."

Corbett, breathing more easily now, growled, "Lucky for you I am. Lucky I heard you. A couple more minutes and you'd have been finished."

Wilson gazed at him curiously, but he did not speak.

Corbett asked, "What happened? Did you capsize?" His tone was almost sympathetic.

Wilson shook his head. "No, not as bad as that. We got a shaking, though. Lost our oars. The chaps got scared and let go of them. That's why. . . . Well, we couldn't do much after that, except wait."

Corbett raised himself painfully. "Then how the devil," he demanded, "did you come to be in the water?"

Wilson laughed. "Oh, that . . . suppose I fell in. That's all."

Corbett stared, incredulous, and Wilson laughed again. His face was flushed as he faced the skipper.

"Sounds crazy, doesn't it? I was standing up—looking, you know. Must have lost my balance. Couldn't get back to the boat. Then I saw this raft."

Corbett continued to stare. Slowly, a smile spread over his face. He began to laugh; but laughter hurt, and he groaned between agony and laughter. "Lord, I wouldn't trust you with a pram, Wilson. I honestly wouldn't. But you're not a bad youngster."

Later, from his bed in the hospital of a liner, Wilson greeted the wireless operator. "No, I'm all right, Sparks. Just having a rest. How's the Old Man? He's a miracle—a living miracle—at his age!"

His eyes followed the passage of a nurse across the room.

He smiled and said softly, "Sparks, I wanted to tell you—tell all the chaps in our boat; never let the Old Man know I jumped in after him. You see, he thinks he saved *me*. I'd hate to spoil that for him. If he knew I'd pushed that damned raft fifty yards towards him. . . ." THE END

Jeanne Heal's brave new TV world

by WILFRED GREATOREX

A moving interview with a blind and deaf man brought Jeanne fame overnight—and broke new TV ground. The secret of her success is simple: she loves people and can't stop talking

ONE NOVEMBER AFTERNOON in 1950 a pushful woman journalist of thirty-three with black hair, a plain face and sympathetic eyes made what was to be *positively* her last appearance on B.B.C. Television. With neither fame nor fortune to show for three and a half years' work as writer, editor, compère and interviewer in a hundred and more women's-interest programmes, she had resigned to get out of a rut.

"For months," Jeanne Heal recalls, "I had put up the sort of ideas that might get me into the evening schedules. The answer was always the same: my material wasn't right for the bigger public. But I began to see there was more behind it than that."

One afternoon she interviewed Joyce Grenfell in the *Women Of Today* series. An evening repeat was ordered. "Jeanne was over the moon," says a friend, "until it was explained that Leslie Mitchell would be taking her place as interviewer. She was furious. They tried to soothe her by saying a man was being used to give more authority to her feature. What even her best friends wouldn't tell her was that, in the eyes of the B.B.C., she lacked glamour."

Sincerity—Not Sex Appeal

Today, two years older and no different in looks, Jeanne Heal is at the top, rated by producers and viewers alike as a television star. She is being groomed as the feminine counterpart of Richard Dimbleby and gets a fan-mail which more often than not exceeds five hundred letters a week. In addition, she is in demand all over Britain as a guest celebrity at various functions.

"She makes up in sincerity what she lacks in sex appeal," says one B.B.C. producer. "But it took all of us, including Jeanne, a long time to find the suffragette in her." Even after her comeback ("I kept away three months before swallowing my principles") she made no notable impression on either her B.B.C. employers or her public until one day in August last year when, in a programme about the deaf, she had to interview a twenty-four year old Lancastrian, Joe Hatton. Blind and deaf since he was four, he had taught himself to tell by touch what people were saying.

"I was a bit worried about it," says Spencer Edward Reynolds, the producer. "If anything had gone wrong it would have been disastrous. But they got on like a house on fire. Jeanne took his hand, pressed his thumb to her lips and they talked. It really was something to see."

The lip-touching incident moved viewers and even studio staffs so much that the programme was repeated two months later—in the evening. This time there was a deluge of letters. Jeanne and Reynolds were summoned by Cecil McGivern, Controller of Television. "Let me have more features like this," he said. "You're on to something important *and* interesting."

Since then, in a series at first called *Triumph Over Adversity* and later *Struggle Against Adversity*, Jeanne Heal has interviewed the blind, the paralysed, the war disabled and the limbless, as well as foster parents, child adopters and mothers of backward children. In one programme she talked without a hitch for half an hour with the stammerers.

"The experience has brought out the best in her technique as well as her personality," says Reynolds. Once, the mother of a backward child dried up in the middle of a sentence. Jeanne, who had just reached the other end of the studio to start questioning a doctor, sized up the situation instantly. "On my preview screen in the producer's box," Reynolds says, "I could see Jeanne looking straight into the other camera actually willing me to cut over to her. I took a chance and did. She was quite ready and covered the break perfectly."

Rarely lost for words, Jeanne Heal has a reputation among her family, friends and studio technicians as a talker. At a party not long ago her husband discreetly signalled her to let somebody else in on what, as usual, was becoming a one-sided conversation. Once, during a television rehearsal, Jeanne noticed in the script the words: "J. H. spot."

"What's this?" she asked.

"It means," she was told, "that you will cover a camera move by saying anything you like."

"But I've got *nothing* to say!"

This remark was gleefully seized on by the technicians. Somebody pointedly opened a studio door and announced into the corridor: "Miss Heal has nothing to say."

Given A Hundred Lines

For a long time her volubility spoiled her work. "She *would* gabble," Reynolds has said. "We did all we could to slow her down. But she has a fast-working brain and seemed to be making her tongue keep up with it." One day Reynolds tried out a new method of dealing with this failing. Under protest, she agreed to say "I will not speak too quickly" one hundred times in slow time. At the seventieth repeat she was racing away. But after some months of this procedure she improved. Her real personality then came out, says Reynolds, from under its load of words.

The understanding between Reynolds and Jeanne Heal once a programme is on the air is a byword in the studios. "It's almost a psychic experience," says one studio manager. "If anything slips up in the studio it doesn't get through to the viewer." During one programme, Jeanne noticed on a nearby monitor that she was still on the screen when she should not have been.

Puzzled, she nevertheless kept talking as she worked out why Reynolds was doing this. "Then I realized I had completely forgotten to introduce a model showing a new dress. It was too late to bring her in and 'S. E.' was bridging me over the gap."

Reynolds also made the most of an unplanned

Jeanne Heal with her architect husband and their two children, Christopher and Louise, outside their lovely Nash house near Regent's Park. Jeanne, herself, once trained to be an architect

At work, the understanding between Jeanne and producer Spencer Reynolds is almost psychic. Their delicate handling of features about afflicted people moves even hardened studio staff to tears

incident at the end of the interview with Joe Hatton. When Jeanne and others taking part thought she was on the screen, the producer was in fact showing Joe. Unable to see or hear anything, the deaf and blind boy was suddenly unsure of what was going on. A camera pictured his hand just as the hand of the missioner who was with him came to rest reassuringly on it.

Reynolds, a stickler for detail, is still not satisfied that Jeanne Heal has touched her best. He believes she can tighten her questioning and so get fewer uninformative answers. He also objects strenuously—and often—to some of the jewellery she wears for her work. "It's decorative," he admits, "but most of it is just too damned big to be true." She goes in for large cameos, heavy ear-rings and unorthodox finger-rings (one of her favourites is a ring crested with a silver bird that spreads its wings across three fingers).

Reputation For Repose

Usually, however, there is compromise over such matters. "I sacrifice my cameos," she says, "because they reflect into the cameras. But I draw the line at ear-rings. I feel half-undressed without them."

In her earlier television appearances she used to fondle her necklace and twiddle her wedding ring, acts of nervousness which she denied when her mother first pointed them out. Today, however, she has a reputation in the studios for repose, a quality which had its stiffest test recently when she interviewed an anonymous alcoholic. For twenty minutes she monopolized the screen: her subject had his back to the cameras the whole time.

An unemotional humanist, Jeanne Heal often gets asked how she keeps herself from crying during her interviews with afflicted people. So many viewers, friends, B.B.C. secretaries and fellow-broadcasters said they had wept during the programme on the deaf that she asked to be allowed to see a telefilm. Towards the end of it Reynolds whispered, "You weeping?"

"Not me," she said. "Are you?"

This attitude led to a legend that she is hard and unfeeling. In fact, she immerses herself in her subject so thoroughly, according to friends, that she is temporarily an authority and immune to emotional reactions. Nevertheless, her recent work has had its lessons. Not long ago, after a programme about the war disabled, she said: "If I were to wake up with polio in the morning and my husband lost his job at the same time, I wouldn't regard it as unfair—not now."

Born in Cambridge on May 25, 1917, Jeanne had ideas of going on the stage. But her father, an architect, would not hear of it. Instead Jeanne began training at the Architectural Association School in London.

After two years of a five-year course she gave it up because she wanted to be a journalist "and couldn't face any more mathematics." She tried unsuccessfully to get an editorial job on several newspapers before deciding to settle for any other work that would bring her in touch with journalism. At one publishing house she applied for the post of lift-girl, but was turned down.

Her first earnings came from commercial travelling for a block-maker, but after three months she was fired. Wondering what to do next, she went and sat in Hyde Park, "to sort things out." It was there she had the idea of writing an article about getting the sack. A day or two later she posted it to *Eve's Journal* and had it accepted for £2 10s. At twenty, she was on the *Oxford Mail* as assistant to the women's editor, a job which meant making tea and reporting occasional mothers' meetings. Presently she moved to the *Birmingham Gazette* and more responsible work as a police court reporter.

When war came Jeanne joined the Red Cross and also worked at nights in the crypt canteen at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. "It taught her a lot about life," says an acquaintance, "and gave her a faith in people she has never lost."

She met soldiers, sailors and airmen from all over the world, drunks, misfits, the bombed-out, minor poets, prostitutes—and crypt volunteers who "weren't in the slightest way concerned about their own skins." Once, she was the only one of the canteen team able to get through the blitz, and there was a rush of Servicemen to help her. "Every night," Miss Heal says, "a different fellow saw me home. They behaved perfectly." Once, a Durham miner shook hands and asked her to marry him.

Land Girl Came To Town

Later on Jeanne Heal joined the Land Army, sharing digs with a colonel's wife, a cockney barman's daughter and a Lancashire hairdresser. Impressed by the life, she thumbed a series of lifts to London one morning and, in breeches, green jersey and muddy boots, called at Broadcasting House with an idea for a programme on the landgirls. "Nobody would see me, so I left a note with a receptionist." Ten days later she was invited to see a talks producer; and as a result of the interview she did several broadcasts.

After the war she became a Sunday newspaper columnist, doing a little broadcasting as a sideline. By now living near Regents Park, she learned that one of her neighbours was Mary Adams, then a producer and now head of television talks. Jeanne went to see her and said she would like to do television work.

Shortly afterwards, Mary Adams telephoned to ask if she could compère a programme on millinery. "I was delighted," Jeanne recalls. "It gave me a good reason for getting some new clothes and a hair-do." But it was an immediate assignment. Could Miss Heal be at the studio in half an hour?

Nothing seemed to go right. "They didn't like my hair, then asked me to change my dress and to slow down my voice." Told to say "something general" about hats, she made a few notes and recited them from memory. Over the studio intercom came the voice of Mary Adams: "It doesn't matter what you say, Miss Heal—but don't say any of that!"

Thought Mother Saw Him

Jeanne Heal lives today in a Nash house with her architect husband, Philip Bennett, and two children, Christopher, seven, and Louise, five. After one programme she got home to see that her son was looking guiltily apprehensive. Finally, he blurted: "But Louise hit me first!" The children had been looking-in when the squabble started. "I had appeared to look straight at them," says Jeanne, "just as Christopher hit back. It was the best lesson I've had about the intimacy of television."

Not long ago, a new viewer in the north of England wrote to ask if Jeanne Heal's heavily nasal voice in a *Leisure And Pleasure* programme was due to a cold or a faulty television set. "I had a cold at the time and told her so." By return came a bunch of freshly picked flowers from the viewer's garden. To Jeanne Heal, people were still looking wonderful. THE END

The plane flew in low over the treetops, gleaming silver in the sun. Windom instinctively shouted, "Take cover." But it was too late. Suddenly, before

WINDOM'S WAY

by ***JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN***

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

With Lee at his side, Windom fought to create order out of Papaan's orgy of bloodshed. Then came the tense days of waiting—waiting for the Government to take action

TO THE PEOPLE OF PAPAAN, in the rubber country of South-East Asia, Dr. Alec Windom was much more than head of their local hospital. He was the centre of all their hopes; almost a saint.

Two years ago, Windom had thrown up a fashionable New York practice to come out here. He had also left Lenore, his wife. Everything about Lee was brilliant, her beauty, her verve, the ease and wilfulness that wealth had given her. Windom loved her, but saw clearly that they belonged to different worlds. She admired him, but had never understood his ideals, his deep need to serve mankind.

And now she had flown out to rejoin him in Papaan. She had not tried enough, she admitted; she wanted to help Windom in his work. As he watched her struggling to adapt herself to life in a jungle village, Windom was touched—but doubtful.

For Lee had arrived at the worst possible time. Papaan was simmering with revolt, and Windom felt he was partly to blame. When Carl Schusterman, manager of the local rubber plantation, forbade the coolies to grow their own rice, Windom had advised them to go on strike. He wanted to avoid bloodshed—to prevent

they even heard the machine-guns, the bullets were thudding all round them

Schusterman from calling in Bilko, the hated sergeant of police.

The coolies were led by peaceful Father Amyan, a former Buddhist monk, and young Jan Vidal, a plantation foreman. The Vidal family was devoted to Windom, especially Jan's sister Anna, Windom's head nurse.

Lenore begged Windom to keep out of politics. They had just spent a perfect day at a nearby beach, swimming, renewing their love, bridging the gulf of two years. Their future together had never looked happier.

But when they got back to Papaan, the dream was broken. A riot had flared up. Father Amyan had been killed by Bilko's men, and Jan was missing. Windom went out in a jeep to look for him. He learned that the infuriated villagers had set the plantation on fire. They were now looking for Schusterman and Bilko—to kill them.

PART 3

Settling With Bilko

WINDOM got back into the jeep and drove off. He drove faster than he had ever driven in the valley before, and soon the village was behind him, the river bank and open fields were behind him, and he was carcering along the twisting roads of the rubber groves.

At intervals his headlights picked up figures along the way; some alone, some in groups, some on foot and others on mules or bicycles. Occasionally a voice called out to him. And presently the red glow was directly ahead of him, a bright screen of flame crackling and billowing behind the black boles of the trees. Then the road bent sharply, and he came out into an open space, and all around him were running figures and shouting voices. Braking to an abrupt stop, he leapt from the jeep.

As far as he could see in the dim confusion, most of the flames were coming from various of the outbuildings that surrounded the plantation house, and some of them had already burned almost to the ground. But the main building was now afire, too. A man ran close beside Windom, carrying a lighted torch, and he seized him and knocked it from his hand.

"Where is Jan Vidal?" he demanded.

The man looked at him apprehensively. "I do not know, my doctor."

"Where is Mr. Schusterman?"

"I do not know, my doctor."

The man turned and ran off, and Windom went quickly on to the plantation house. Circling the burning wing, he found a side door, opened it, and groped from one dark room to another. "Schusterman!" he called. "Schusterman!" and then "Jan! Jan!" But the only sounds were shouting voices outside and the loudening crackle of flames.

Coming out of another door, he found himself in the centre of a confused mob. Several men were throwing burning faggots into a window. Close by, two others were holding a figure pinioned to the ground, while a third kicked it. Windom recognized the victim as a Chinese clerk who worked in the plantation office. The man who was kicking him was an ordinarily mild and timid coolie named Ikar, a father of ten, whom he had been treating for two years for tuberculosis of the kidneys.

"Stop it!" Windom ordered him.

But the kicking continued.

Then Windom hit him. It was not anger at the man that he felt. It was anger at anger. At violence. And even as he struck, he thought: and now you, too. Returning violence for violence, anger for anger.

Ikar staggered back and looked at him dumbly, but did not strike back. The other two men released the Chinese, and he scrambled to his feet and disappeared.

"Where is Schusterman?" Windom asked.

The men shook their heads. "We have not seen him," one said. "He is not here."

"Where is Jan?"

"He has gone back to the village."

"To the jail."

"To settle our account with Bilko."

There was a pause. The firelight flickered on the circle of sullen brown faces, and, turning, Windom saw that the whole main section of the plantation house was now in flames. There was no way of saving it.

"You had all better get back to the village, too," he said quietly.

HE went back to the jeep, got in and drove off. Although the road was now more crowded than before, he managed almost as fast a pace as on the way out, and in less than fifteen minutes he was again in the village streets. There were no flames here, no hoarse shouts or darting shadows, and he knew that, whatever the story would prove to be, it was already an accomplished fact. Then he turned a corner into the street where the jail and police station were located, and the fact was before his eyes.

The street was filled with people—men, women and children—moving about in the aimless tides of a crowd. But among them were others who were not moving; figures hunched and sprawled on the ground, wounded and dying. The jail gate was now open, splintered by many blows and hanging crazily on one hinge, and in the courtyard beyond were more wounded, more dead. Most were plantation workers. Windom saw three policemen. He saw two women, and a boy who could not have been more than ten. Among them moved their families and companions, searching out their own.

Somewhere a voice shrieked with high, insane monotony. Beside a still figure, a shawled woman was kneeling and beating her head against the ground.

Windom entered the jail building, thrusting his way through the crowd at the door. Beyond the door was a vestibule, beyond that a small office; and in the office were two more bodies. One, lying on a table, was an old man with a seamed sunken face and a fringe of white hair, his body straight and his hands folded, as if already laid out on a bier: Father Amyan. The other, sprawled on the floor near his feet with his face in a pool of blood, was the police-sergeant, Bilko.

Four plantation workers stood by the table, one at each corner—a guard of honour for their dead leader—and a fifth man sat in a chair on the far side of the room, his face bent into his

hands. As Windom came in he looked up at him silently.

"All right, Jan," Windom said. "Let's start clearing up the mess."

There were eight killed outright and thirty wounded. Or, rather, thirty wounded badly enough that they had to be taken to the hospital. How many more went home to be treated with herbs, spittle and incantations, no one would ever know.

Among the dead were three policemen, including Bilko. Among the wounded, four. Of the rest, about half had thrown down their arms and joined the strikers, and the other half had managed to escape. Apparently, Schusterman, too, had escaped. No one seemed actually to have seen him since the rioting began, but a group of peasants from up the valley reported that earlier in the evening one of the plantation trucks had roared through their village, heading south.

There was no ambulance in Papaan. But the hospital was well stocked with stretchers, left over from the war days, and within half an hour these had been brought and the wounded carried away. Their families followed in straggling procession, some in dazed silence, some wailing their grief, and soon the hospital compound was as crowded as the jail-yard had been a while past.

In the wards there were not enough beds to go round, and soon the aisles between them were lined with the stretchers. Windom moved quickly from one to the next. For the moment there was little that could be done except first-aid, tourniquet and dressings for the haemorrhage cases, the hypodermic for pain. Anna and the student nurses followed him, bearing the necessary instruments and equipment.

WINDOM came to a stretcher over which a woman was already bending, trying to staunch the bleeding of a man who had been shot in the throat. "Here, let me have the dressing," he said. And it was not until the woman turned to give it to him that he realized it was Lenore.

Her hand was trembling. Her face was as white as the nurse's uniform she was wearing and the towel that was wrapped around her head.

"You shouldn't be here, Lee," he told her.

"No?" she murmured. "Where should I be? Playing solitaire?" She bent again over the man on the stretcher. "Go on," she said.

But at that moment the wounded man gave a shuddering gasp. Bubbles welled up in the red hole of his throat, and suddenly a great gush of blood streamed up over her hands. For one instant she remained quite still. Then, with a quiet sob, she raised her hands, blood and all, to her face and would have fallen if Windom had not held her.

"Anna!" he called, and she and the student nurses came quickly. The two other girls raised Lenore to her feet and led her from the ward. Anna knelt beside Windom and helped him to do what he could for the dying man.

There were three more deaths altogether. There were two long hours in the stifling, ill-lit operating room for surgery that could not wait for daylight. There were the stenches, the retchings, the groans, the babblings of delirium. All that was missing, thought Windom, were the Japs. But even worse than the Japs was the huddled figures in the compound outside—kneeling, praying, waiting.

With Anna, he went out and spoke to them, reassuring some, telling others what he had to tell them. He urged them all to go home and return tomorrow, and a few left. But not many.

Then he re-entered the hospital, and, as he passed the door of his office, it was opened cautiously from inside, and someone spoke his name. Going in, he found the mayor, Dai Lollivar.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I have been waiting for you, my doctor."

"Are you hurt?"

"Hurt? No, my doctor, the Lord has spared me. Or at least my body. But in my spirit I am wounded—I am sick."

"How long have you been here?"

"An hour. Perhaps two. It does not matter. I have not minded waiting."

"You've been hiding here the whole time?"

"Hiding?" The mayor's moon face was pained. "Who speaks of hiding? Here in this room, my doctor, we have spoken of trouble, and how we must avoid it. So the trouble begins, and that is what I do. I do not go to the trouble."

Windom almost smiled. But Lollivar was looking up at him anxiously. "It has been bad, has it not?" the mayor asked. "There are many wounded, many killed."

"Yes," said Windom.

"Bilko has been killed?"

"Yes."

"That is bad—bad. Also it is good, of course, for this Bilko was an evil man. But mostly it is bad."

Lollivar produced his handkerchief and wiped his face. "And Mr. Schusterman," he said. "'He is dead, too?"

"No. He seems to have escaped."

"That is good. Very good. . . . But it is also bad. . . . He escapes. He goes to the capital, to the authorities, and tells what has happened. And then they think I am responsible. I am the mayor, they say, and it is my fault." Lollivar looked at Windom earnestly. "You will explain to them, will you not, my doctor? That I have done nothing wrong. That I have wanted only peace and no trouble. . . ."

THE clock on Windom's desk showed two thirty. And now it was Jan Vidal who stood, stooped with tiredness, at the office door.

"Well," said Windom, "are you satisfied?"

Jan didn't answer.

"Come in. Sit down."

Jan crossed the room and took the chair on the other side of the desk. Windom offered him a cigarette, but he shook his head dejectedly.

"How many are dead?" Jan asked.

"Eleven."

"How many are ours?"

"Eight."

"There will be more?"

"It's hard to tell."

There was a pause.

"What next, Jan?" asked Windom.

"In the morning we will have a meeting. Then we will begin to clear paddies for the rice."

"You'll plant your rice at last, eh?"

"Yes, we will plant our rice."

There was another silence. Windom looked out through the window at the darkness of the compound, and Jan, raising his eyes, looked at him.

"What will you do, my doctor?" he asked at last. "What will you report to the authorities?"

"How many dead there have been. How many wounded."

"That is all?"

"I am a doctor, Jan, not an official. Besides, I imagine Mr. Schusterman's report will keep the authorities well occupied."

"He will report only his side, and he will lie."

"Possibly."

"But then they must hear the truth." Jan leaned forward in his chair. "They must hear our side. And not only from us."

Windom did not answer.

"You are no longer on our side, my doctor? You believe now that we are wrong?"

"I believe that violence and killing are wrong."

"Violence and killing—yes, of course. But was it we who started it—we who are responsible?" Jan's big hands gripped the edge of the desk. "My doctor, you did not see what I saw when we broke into the jail. They had beaten Father Amyan. They had whipped and burned him. The marks were plain on his body. And when still he would not tell them what they wanted—when he would not betray his own people—then they killed him. They said he was trying to escape, but that is a lie, and you know it. Father Amyan was old and sick; he was the gentlest of men. And they murdered him."

HIS voice broke. His eyes filled with tears. Then in the next instant they had turned hard and dark, and he rose to his feet. "So we have killed back," he said. "We have done at last for that pig of a Bilko. Yes, in doing it some of us have died, too. Good men, good friends, women, a child. It was a terrible thing—but a necessary thing. We would do it again. We will fight on if we must. We will make a life for ourselves and our children and our children's children, and the soul of Father Amyan will look down and be proud of us."

He looked at Windom, almost as if in defiance. Then again, abruptly, his manner changed. "You have been our friend, my doctor," he said quietly. "Our friend and our helper. Do not, please, leave us because of what has happened. Do not now be against us."

Windom looked at him for a long moment in silence. Then he, too, got up. "I'm not against you, Jan," he said. He glanced at the clock. "It's almost three. Get some rest."

He was standing alone by the window when Anna came again to call him back to the wards.

There was a band of grey in the eastern sky as he came up on to the porch of the bungalow. In the kitchen, where the light was on, he saw that Lee was still wearing the nurse's uniform with a towel around her hair. She brought the coffee from the stove and the sandwiches from the refrigerator and sat beside him at the table while he ate and drank.

Then, after a few moments, she seemed to be listening to something, and, getting up, she left the kitchen. Following her, when he had finished

Continued on page 31

THE REAL

HITLER

STORY

Alan Bullock

JOHN BULL is to publish the most authentic record ever prepared of the life of Adolf Hitler. Written by Alan Bullock, Oxford historian and broadcaster, it is a fascinating record of the Nazi leader's personal life, his secret motives, his real character, from his early days in Austria to his last hours in besieged Berlin.

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This is the first complete account of Hitler's career, a memorable study of the rise and fall of the man who tried to terrorize the world. It begins exclusively . . .

IN JOHN BULL NOVEMBER 8

Early evening with Paul Adam. Playing in a night club until four and getting up at seven for a radio programme often means shaving at teatime

Housewives' choice who delights the debs

by BERNARD SLYDEL

Paul Adam has fiddled his way from the clatter of teacups to the fashionable night clubs—and a radio audience of six millions

EARLY IN 1947, a party of young people went to the Mirabelle, a fashionable late-night restaurant in London. While they were ordering dinner one of the girls called to a waiter and whispered a request for the band to play "People Will Say We're In Love," a popular number from the successful musical *Oklahoma!*

The band leader, tall, suave-looking Paul Adam, turned with a smile, ready to make his usual joke when asked for this song: "What, with me again?" But this time he quickly turned back and rapped his baton with unusual nervousness. For the request had come from the then twenty-one year old heiress to the British throne, at that moment smiling fondly at her young naval escort, now Prince Philip.

The Royal applause which greeted his playing of the song was a lucky break for the man who had once fiddled for a living amid the clatter of cups and saucers made by unappreciative tea-drinkers. It started a series of inquiries among diners-out about where Paul Adam was playing, and among night club owners about his price.

Adam moved himself, his band and his clientèle from restaurant to restaurant. Each change meant a higher fee. While he was musical host at the New Milroy, a friend boldly asked him what his contract was worth. "Around £20,000," admitted Adam. "That's a lot of money," said the friend. "Yes," was the reply, "but some of it goes to the band."

They Work A Double Stint

The band does duty, whether Adam is conducting or not, from 8 p.m. to 4 a.m. in a double-stint engagement, such as that combining Les Ambassadeurs with the New Milroy, giving four hours to each club. Since his return to the Astor night club, which is linked with the Colony restaurant in Berkeley Square, his contract is said to have topped £25,000.

Paul Adam is an enigma in the world of musical entertainment, appealing to ordinary people as well as to the sophisticated. An estimated 6,000,000 switch their radios to the Light Programme whenever he compères *Housewives' Choice*. His voice, however, does not satisfy every listener. Once, when he left Broadcasting House, he was confronted by an irate woman who demanded to know whether he thought his audience was composed entirely of middle-class morons. "Madam," began Adam, "I don't choose the records. . . ." "Then you must be as lazy as you sound," retorted the woman, starting to walk away. After a few paces, she stopped, came back, stared more closely and added, "and *look*!"

"I'm afraid she had cause to disapprove," admits Adam, "I was wearing a seaman's jersey, old flannels and sandals, and there was a dark stubble on my chin." Playing at a night club until four in the morning before getting up at seven to present the radio programme usually means that he shaves around tea-time.

Once, when he overslept, *Housewives' Choice* went on the air without him. A friend, hearing the announcer apologizing, telephoned Adam, who made a record six-minute dash from his Knightsbridge home to Portland Place, wearing pyjamas under slacks and a pullover. He apologized to listeners for oversleeping. "Any other compère would have had it," says a B.B.C. official, "but we know he works odd hours, and we had nearly five hundred letters from housewives saying please we were not to sack him." Adam is still on the roster.

His work as a night club band leader begins with an early dinner six nights a week; then a leisurely drive across the Park into Mayfair. Engagements range from three weeks to three years, but always his evening drill is the same: a couple of hours spent carefully planning music arrangements, adding here an American hit tune just out of copyright, there a group of items reflecting a current trend. "Jive" is out.

"Night club customers in evening dress don't want to throw their partners over their backs or through their legs, at least not before

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midnight," he says. But once an elderly lady insisted on "The Big Apple"—and danced it herself. Rag-time is rarely played. Rumbas and sambas—frequently requested when Princess Margaret looks in—alternate with swing, waltz medleys, and soft, romantic French tunes, with Adam solo fiddling.

Always the band leader must keep watch for newcomers. Adam recalls a friend, another conductor, who once failed to notice the arrival of a well-known society woman whose husband had just died. The band happened to play "The Merry Widow." There was a new band leader the following night.

Adam's music has been described as "sweet, sentimental, sophisticated and sometimes slushy." He works hard at the job of appearing to enjoy himself, and is ruthless with any member of his band who relaxes at the wrong time. Once, after midnight, a newly engaged trumpeter was unable to stifle his yawns. "Are you tired?" asked Adam. "Yes, I am," was the reply.

"Then why don't you go home and get a good night's rest?"

"Why, thanks, Paul . . ." began the surprised trumpeter. "And," continued the band leader, "don't bother to come back tomorrow."

Put Him On A Spot

But players who have worked with Adam for a long time respect his "no relaxing" rule when an atmosphere of general enjoyment has to be maintained. "We get a fifteen-minute break every two hours," says Bertie Fenton, the pianist-arranger who has scored Adam's band parts for the past nine years, "and that goes for Paul as well. He's back on the stand after exactly four numbers."

Adam's relationship with night club regulars is one of friend-meets-friend. Sometimes this easy camaraderie puts him on a spot. Once, a girl who had clearly wined and dined too well clutched his arm and demanded, "Paul, play 'I Get Along Without You Very Well,' please." Adam saw that her escort, two inches taller than the band leader, and burlier, was waiting in a singularly uncompromising attitude. Thinking fast, and speaking more to the man than to the girl, he suggested: "I'll play 'I Can't Do Without You, Baby.'"

Dealing with requests made by Princess Margaret was more difficult. A regular listener to American short-wave programmes, the Princess often asked for numbers not published in this country. "We would have broken copyright law several times if we had played them; so we usually compromised by playing a number like 'Kentucky,' which is a favourite of hers."

In a week when he is both night club band leader and B.B.C. disc-jockey, Paul Adam estimates he plays 1,700 popular numbers. For *Housewives' Choice* he often receives novel requests; the latest was a circular card with a hole in the centre and the tune title stuck on like a record label. Once he received a pair of lace panties with ribbon trimmings. "As they were not, I hope, intended for me," he says, "I gave them to my wife."

Home In The Small Hours

He is married to Zena Marshall, a film actress, who sometimes only gets glimpses of her husband for days at a time. Adam returns to their small house in Knightsbridge at four thirty in the morning, parks the car and goes to bed. About an hour later, Zena gets up, takes the car to a film studio, and returns in the evening to hand it over to Paul on his way out again.

At the last general election he went to a polling booth still in evening dress, with his wife (en route to Pinewood Studios) in slacks and sweater. It made a good picture for the newspapers and provoked a postcard from Essex which read: "If you can afford to stay out all night surely you can afford to buy your wife an evening dress?"

Paul Adam's real name is Taube. He acquired the Adam when he was band leader at the Trocadero Restaurant before the war. In what is now the Grill Room the cabaret featured a lady known as "Eve." One night the lady became temperamental about the musical accompaniment to her act. The manager rushed upstairs, signalled the head waiter and gasped, "Quick, we're having trouble with 'Eve.' Get the band leader—what's his name?"

"Adam," suggested the man. Soon a foyer board announced: "Adam and Eve at the Trocadero."

Taube senior was a Polish concert violinist who once led the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Fürtwangler. He became a naturalized British subject during the first World War, shortly before his youngest son, Paul Stanaslau, was born in the St. John's Wood district of London. He died recently, but his wife, also an accomplished musician, still lives in the same house near Lord's. To her, every week, a Knightsbridge store delivers flowers charged to the account of Paul Adam.

Taught By His Father

The Taube children—four boys and two girls—all learned to play a musical instrument. Sundays were set aside for lessons from their father. Paul, even when only five, showed the most fluency; consequently his lesson was usually the longest. This attention, not always appreciated at the time, carried him to the Conservatoire at Leipzig and later to Paris. He gave his first recital at the Rudolph Steiner Hall, London, when thirteen. One day Fritz Kreisler heard him play. Asked for an opinion, the great violinist commented, "The boy has talent, certainly; but he should get his hair cut more often."

When he was sixteen, unknown to his parents Paul slipped off to an audition for a violinist required by the Ionic Cinema in Golder's Green. He was nearly six feet tall and had plenty of charm. It paid its first dividend.

A girl pianist, directed to vet the applicants for the musical director and give each a sight-reading test, asked, "Now, what *don't* you know?" Adam produced a tarantella, a wild and rapid Neapolitan dance almost impossible to sight-read accurately. "I don't know *this*," he said, and proceeded to play it with a skill that betrayed a score of performances. "If that was sight-reading . . ." began the girl, doubtfully. "Oh, you must believe me," said sixteen-year-old Adam with calculated charm. He got the job.

He Missed The Light

There were four shows a day, and (for £4 a week) it was part of Adam's job to watch for a red light visible only to him. When it glowed he had to indicate by a nod to the leader that the next change in music should be made to synchronize with what was happening on the screen.

One evening the effect of four hours' daily practice with papa before lunch, followed by long sessions at the cinema, took its toll. The red light winked but young Adam's eyes were closed; he was fiddling automatically. "While the lovers on the screen kissed tenderly the orchestra was rendering a fine gallop in the *William Tell* Overture," he recalls, still disconcerted at the thought.

The orchestra hired someone else to watch the red light, and his father advised him to forget about playing in a pit. "Concentrate on being seen by the public, my boy. Keep your hair brushed, your tie neatly knotted and your shoes clean. Then it doesn't matter if your suit is old; people will think you're smart."

That shrewd advice has taken him, always playing his violin and looking smart, to cafés, hotels, restaurants and clubs in London and abroad. The war stopped his engagement at the old Kit Kat Club, now the Gaumont Cinema, Haymarket; but when he was demobbed he started on his own, formed a dance band, found his way to the Mirabelle, and now has a wardrobe of eighteen suits, not one of which is the slightest bit old. Adam, the débutantes' delight, can't afford them to be.

Next month he becomes a night club owner himself. He expects to attract Coronation visitors, add to his wardrobe, and get more sleep. He has one fear: "My memory might fail me." Once he recognized a man dancing and said: "Hallo there, haven't seen you for a long time." "Haven't you?" grunted the night owl. "I was here last night." THE END

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THE VALLEY OF GOLD

Continued from page 11

match. He found a candle stuck in a bottle on a ledge. He put the match to it. Beside the candle were some little tobacco bags. He lifted one up. It was heavy. He untied the string and poured the contents into his hand. Nuggets. Nuggets like the one Magdalena had described. So the gold was here and the old prospector had lived in the cave. And, without doubt, he lay out there with the koodoo and the dead dogs.

The old prospector had followed the vein, and had gone into the valley and the ticks had got him. Le Seur pictured him trying to wipe them off, pictured him running, alive with ticks, grey like an old stone, opalescent with them, falling and dying. What a death for a man.

This meant that the ticks must be seasonal. No doubt there were always ticks here as there were everywhere, but at certain times they must increase like this. So that for a while he'd been able to work, and then suddenly they had come. It was early winter now—perhaps he had started in full winter and there had been none. Perhaps they just increased in the summer.

Early winter. . . . An idea entered his head.

NEXT day he went to see Magdalena. She greeted him with a smile. "Well," she said, "how are you? Where are the dogs?" His dogs always went with him everywhere.

He told her the story.

"So that's it," she said. "Poor old man." Then she said, "The mineral rights are yours?"

"All rights," he said.

"Then we'll tell Pa."

The old man was very interested, so interested that Le Seur asked if he would come with him.

"I'll come, *jong*," Magdalena's father said. "This is a thing to see."

"You will be careful?" Magdalena said.

"We'll be careful," Le Seur said. "I have a plan. We will soak the ground in front of us with kerosene. No tick will come on to that and then we will put a match to it."

"And burn the valley?"

"Yes, we'll burn it."

"It is a good plan."

A few days later, they went to the cave. They took four gallons of kerosene, spreading it over the rocky entrance beyond the stream. Then they threw some into the grass at the mouth of the valley. Then they saturated some paper, and lit it. For a few minutes they could see nothing because of the black smoke. Then the fire reached the kerosene-soaked grass. The flames leapt forward, the wind caught them and flung them in a wide sheet on to the tall, dry herbage of the veld.

Luck was with them. The wind increased and the fire really took hold. It began to roar as the bush tops caught. Flames and sparks were swept onwards. Columns of dark smoke rose into the air.

They sat down to watch it. In an hour it had gone a mile. There was only the blackened earth in front of them and bushes and small trees that burnt slowly.

"Now we will go," Le Seur said.

They walked over the hot ground. They found what was left of the bitch and koodoo. They went on. Ahead of them was the wide swath of fire and smoke. And then they found it.

"Look," old Fourie said. "Workings."

By a long quartz outcrop, there was a trench and beside it was what Le Seur had expected to find: some tools, a skull and some bones.

"The prospector," he said. "Old Frank."

"*Ja*, the prospector. What a death!" Fourie said. "And to think that he drank coffee so often in my house." He moved the skull with his foot.

They dropped into the trench. There was a visible vein of gold running across it and in the bottom were some small, loose nuggets. Another geological mystery. A vein and loose alluvial gold all mixed up together.

"You are a rich man," Fourie said.

"I suppose I am." Somehow the full significance of the strike had not occurred to him at once.

Helen, he thought. The things she wanted were all hers. That was a funny thing to think of. The clothes, the jewels, the trips to Europe, the parties, the fur coats and champagne —all here under his feet. All here, a gift from the dead prospector. All the things that Helen wanted and that he'd have to want, too. With them he could have her. She'd told him so in so many words. It wasn't that she was grasping or hard. It was just that she felt she deserved them in some way. Because God had made her beautiful, and had made men in such a fashion that they desired beauty.

AND then, suddenly, he didn't want Helen any more. The world was full of Helens. It wasn't right that a man like old Frank should die a terrible death for the likes of her.

"No," he said.

"No what?" Fourie asked.

"No nothing." Then he said, "I shall stay here."

"This is no place for a rich young man," Fourie said. "The rich go to cities."

"I shall stay here and farm," Le Seur said. "I shall burn this place out every year for a few years, and build a dip. Break a passage through the mountain with a steel door, and run my heifers in the valley."

"And the gold?" Fourie asked.

"The gold is safe where it is. When we need some, we'll come and dig it out."

"We?" Fourie asked, "who is we?"

"Me and my father-in-law."

"Who is he? I did not know you were married."

"I'm not, but I'm going to be!"

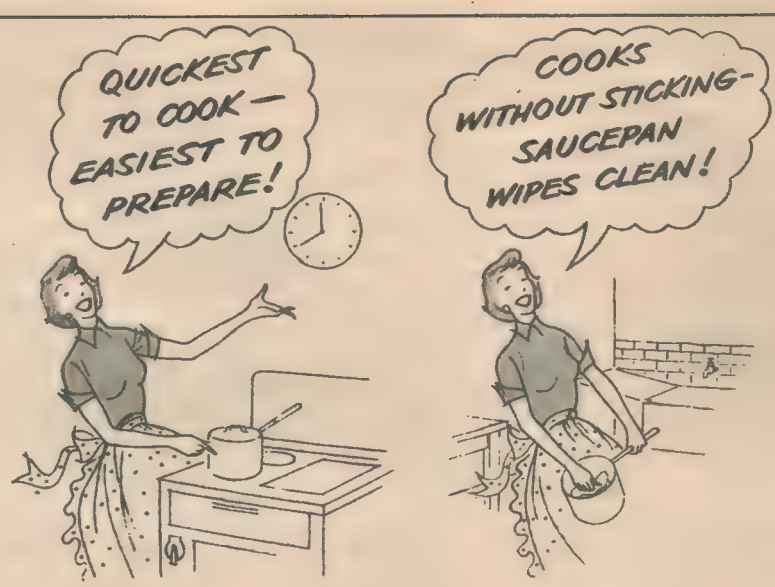
"To whom?"

"To Magdalena. And when we want money, we'll come and dig it out, Oom Jan. *Ja*," he said, "you and I. That is the way to treat gold. To be its master and not its slave."

"*Jong*." Jan Fourie put his hand on his arm. "Magdalena will be pleased. She is a good girl and a fine cook."

"She's very pretty," Le Seur said. "She's beautiful." Only now did he see her beauty; before there had only been Helen. Thinking of her, he'd seen no one else.

"*Jong*," Fourie said again, "her mother was beautiful, too. And a wonderful cook." He sighed. "Many women are beautiful, a few are good, but a fine cook is very rare. Almost as rare as a gold mine!" THE END



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A RAY OF DARKNESS

Continued from page 13

also contained a mystery and its solution in those eyes.

Professor —— was tall, strong and old. He did not like me—not that that mattered to either of us: nor was it surprising. I answered him badly, told him almost nothing, and made several remote mistakes in institutional etiquette.

I liked him immensely and at once trusted him and admired the manner in which he spoke to me of my illness. I suppose that my lack of response was shock, or headache, or the real fear I felt of taking up too much of so important a person's time.

He spoke outright, as all strong people do, free of death and life and the body. He said he had no doubt whatever that it was epilepsy, dormant, perhaps, during most of my life, and breaking out at last in this major fit of a month ago.

New Idea Of Myself

Then came the questions I had expected and had fitted into this new idea of myself during the time I had been alone since the fit. Had I ever had any dizzy attacks, anything, however brief, of the kind which was like a very short break of consciousness? I answered yes, but I had always supposed that all people had these experiences sometimes.

"No," said the professor, "they don't. Those were minor fits. Can you remember how long you have had them?"

I thought: "Perhaps since I was about nine. My memory begins so late that it is hard to say."

Had I ever had an accident or a fall?

As a child, I replied, our mother had been exceptionally careful of us, and it was unlikely. But I *could* remember falling off a pony when I was learning to ride. And this is the second of my coincidences, of which the first was my having two minor attacks on one spot of ground near a wood which was for me connected with very powerful and (for a child) tragic emotions.

We were taught to ride by our cousin, a fine horsewoman, and our uncle always watched the saddling of the pony himself. One day, seeing that the safety catch of the near stirrup was rusty, he ordered that it should be left down or open, in case we might fall and be dragged on the leather by the catch failing to act.

On that day, and the next, as I was coming proudly down the paddock at a gallop, the leather slipped of its own accord through the open catch: and I was flung hard on my back and the back of my head, in exactly the same part of the field. I was not even giddy from the fall, but these were the only accidents to my head that I was able to recollect.

The professor inquired into my family history: finding it quite clear on both sides, he said that, although it was very, very difficult to find a cause for epilepsy, even among those who knew most about it, as it is one of the most mysterious and elusive afflictions, he thought that I must have a slight scar on the brain from an old injury.

"It is very slight. Even if I could examine your brain I doubt if I could see it," he said. "But it is there, and at certain times it might hold up the circulation of the blood in the brain and you would have a fit. Other people would just feel irritable—you have a fit."

The Cause Was Slight

I gathered that the cause of my epilepsy was much slighter than its symptoms—that it was, in fact, nothing to worry about and that it was very unlikely that any other person in my family would develop it.

"You may never have another fit," Professor —— said. "You will have to take medicine. And *you will take it?* It is surely not too much trouble to remember to take some tablets? I shall write to your doctor."

I said it was certainly not too much trouble. And I thought that this cross, clever man had so sweet and sudden a smile that it was a pity I had so little about me to provoke it.

"All last winter it was that dripping tap!"

I walked out of the institute as a person harbouring epilepsy, it was true, but free of false hopes and quite clearly defined as myself by another person's firmness, directness, courage and knowledge.

These benefits, sureness and determination to help oneself, are a part of Professor ——. It was not until later, after seeing him several times, when it was no longer necessary for him to draw so tight a line round my vagueness, that I began to understand his own elasticity, his imaginative power, his likeableness as distinct from his achievement, and to comprehend the feeling of ease and sympathy I had felt in the presence of a man so eminent.

This sense of courage and of clarity is the professor's healing to his patients. He can renew it: and it needs renewing. Once away from his direct words, the belief he has conveyed is attacked by the world in its ignorance and hatred of the sick.

"If you can't be well, get out of my sight," is the natural, if unexpressed, reaction of the healthy to the unhealthy. If we could only see ourselves dying, probably we should be neither afraid nor unpitying. But how many of us are self-satisfied with our health as with our houses, cars, front gardens and our other possessions. A person's reaction to death, not to life, is the true measure of his mental type.

My First Fear Of Death

I come to this obsession with death again because, during the months from June to October, when I had my second attack, it returned. I had never really thought, until I was on the way back from my first talk with the professor, that I myself was going to die soon, but now I did. I cannot think why I should have thought this, for I was perfectly well aware that people do not die of fits.

The questions I had dreaded had all been answered by what I dreaded. From that minute I realized how little hope was mine, when the reaction to certainty was so faint. I did not, after all, feel any different from before.

The period which followed saw little alteration. My husband, owing to the professor's letter to the college authorities, was now able to come home every night, so that I was no longer left alone after dark with the danger of candles and lamps.

I began my regular night and morning doses of the prescribed drugs. Their first effect was to create in me a latent sleepiness which the least caress of casual rest or even a ray of sunshine on me, called out; it was a physical reaction—my brain remained awake and was often actively meditating within a body that was like a stone in the sun.

My Cheltenham doctor became our great friend and could not have been kinder or more careful: with him we did not speak of the affliction unless I had an attack. And I did not have one during the whole of that summer. I went in fact four months and had forgotten the fact of epilepsy being within me when the next fit happened.

I Spent My Days Alone

I was still by myself all day from about eight o'clock onwards. The hours went as they always had, in housework, gardening, roaming the fields and woods with my dog, and going in and out of the home of my friends the B——s. It was during this wet summer, too, that I came to know the village and its people.

My diary during this time is full of nature notes and country gossip. I made red currant jelly, I painted a careful study of the white campion and the wild geranium. The colour of these last flowers lit the lanes all the summer with a light like the flame of methylated spirit.

I noted that they were "fragile flowers, prolific but brief, dropping thousands of petals in a night, and next morning opening thousands of their dark anemone-like buds." Their coral spears and spurs bewitched the eye.

Then there were the Roman snails. "Their mystery and breeding fascinate me," I wrote. "Those pale, enormous, onion-brown shells, those opaque slow fleshes and the complete, calm, segregated existence of them, ancient and silent and still."

Meaning Has Been Lost

My friends the B——s told me that these snails were the true, unchanged descendants of the snails cultivated by the Romans for eating. I never discovered what particular food had sustained them so historically and so faithfully, but being taken one day by Dr. Y—— to see the Roman villa at Chedworth, the first sight that met us was one single solemn giant in the middle of the smoothed turf. I was told that wherever the Romans had settled in that countryside were found these snails, and the true deadly nightshade, a most majestic herb that I do not remember ever having seen before.

Some agricultural spray, some modern lotion against pests was, however, killing them off. One day, in part of a wheatfield I found hundreds dead, and rotting in the shells. Then farther from the wall of corn and nearer the hedge the living ones again. And once we picked up one that had laid an egg: "the egg was white and milky and perfectly round, like a globule of boiled tapioca seed."

Then in the middle of such notes I find now brief incomprehensible mental ejaculations, to which the key is lost.

"The black currants were ripe, the moon was thin, the summer-house door was ajar . . . would I rather be me, sane, in the secret way Ophelia was? And like Ophelia, dragging wild flowers with her through the dew? But I didn't touch them—the mallow, the ox-eye, the—oh, I forget words."

Of course I remember that garden, though, and where I was. We took a holiday and stayed for a while with my sister, and it was the house where my mother was born, empty now and to be sold.

And I remember going up to the door and ringing the bell, thinking it would take me back. And how I frightened my husband one evening by looking at him through a window with my solitary, not my company face.

I was never so tired in my life. It was becoming impossible to hide the fact that I could hardly lift my feet all day from the ground. With a curious certainty that there were but two possibilities, and that my body, which was as secret to me as a black forest, had already chosen one, I said to myself that I was either very ill indeed or was going to have a child.

A Terrible Possibility

I would pull up some of the tall weeds in the dissolving garden that were already enfolding its colours in their general grey-green cloud: and then, exhausted, sit on the brick steps of the Victorian summer-house. Once I took my violin, Jacob, into the empty house and filled it with long, uncertain ugly echoes that seemed in some strange way to prolong and to draw forth the memories of those who had lived there.

It will be seen that I had plenty of time to ruminate and to ask questions of my certainty. If I were ill, that explained the feeling that death was about me: if with child, that explained the stirring of faint emotions, not yet sensations, within the physical being.

I did not know if epilepsy were likely to be inherited by my child; but though I thought of that, it was without really strong distress, for I was too tired then to pay much attention to even so terrible a possibility.

NEXT WEEK: Through the horrors my child is born

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ESCAPE—OR DIE

Continued from page 9

Germans," Hillebrand answered. "The guns must have been a good ten miles away last night."

A small river meandered across their path, and they were walking along the winding bank, when, fifty yards ahead, three men stepped out of the shade of some trees and stared at them.

Achmetow, very excited, swung round and said, "*Russki! Russki!*"

"They can't be," Rofe said, but Achmetow was running madly ahead. They watched him talking excitedly to the three men and then he turned and beckoned wildly. As he went cautiously forward Rofe could see that the three men had medals on both sides of their chests, black fur caps and dark uniforms with rather full-cut trousers tucked into riding boots.

"My God, they *are* Russians," he yelled, and broke into a run. He could make out the officer's tabs on their shoulders and as he came up to them one of them, a middle-aged man, said in German: "You are British?"

"Royal Air Force," Rofe said.

"We are the Red Army," declared the officer and Rofe said breathlessly, "*Deutschland kaput! Deutschland kaput!*" It was all he could think of to say. He was grinning and shaking hands and he and Hillebrand were both talking at once while the Russians regarded them tolerantly.

"I can't understand it," Rofe marvelled when things were a little quieter. "We've come right through German lines and not seen a German. I thought it was terrible fighting on this front."

"This is not the front," said the middle-aged officer, shaking his head. "There are plenty of Germans back there." He turned and pointed behind, east, and added soberly, "We have been cut off for three weeks. The Germans are behind us trying to. . . ." He pulled a finger across his throat.

The Russian sensed the shock he had delivered and said cheerfully, "It is not the first time we have been cut off. The Cossacks are used to it."

"You are Cossacks?" Hillebrand asked, and the Russian nodded and took off his black fur cap, showing the red top and the crossed gold braid over it. Waving his hand behind, he said that the rest of the Cossacks were camped in the fields and suggested that they should go back with Achmetow to join them.

War Seemed Far Away

Half a mile on they came to the first Cossack units, scores of men in dark, coarse uniforms, lounging on the ground, nearly all with tommy guns beside them; nearby were horse-lines and narrow farm-type wagons with sloping sides. Achmetow spoke to some of the men and they pointed down a cart track that cut between the fields.

For two hours they followed the track, staggered at the thousands of Russians camped in the fields. They looked so peaceful, as though no war existed and no enemy encircled them. Achmetow said they were a division of the Fourth Cossack Corps and he was trying to find division headquarters.

In the shelter of a fringe of wood they came to a low, white farmhouse; Achmetow vanished inside and a minute later Rofe was startled to see a girl coming out. She was about twenty-three, rather heavily built and dressed in the olive green officer's uniform, including riding boots, though instead of trousers she wore a neat pleated skirt. Walking straight up to them she introduced herself briskly in English as a headquarters' interpreter and asked, politely, if they would wait till the colonel was ready to see them.

Rofe mumbled facetiously about having nowhere else to go, but she did not seem to think that was particularly amusing. Rofe, trying hard, said he was surprised to see such a pretty girl in such a dangerous position in the front line of a war, but she took that solemnly, too, saying disconcertingly, "I am not pretty and I do not think it unusual that a Russian girl should be in the front line. There are many of us here. It is our duty."

The Parachute Drop

They waited a long time for the colonel. Dusk settled over the fields and they were still waiting when they heard the drone of aircraft, growing louder. The dark shape of what looked like a Dakota slid over the trees towards them, and over the field a cloud of parachutes broke from the plane and floated down. A dozen more planes came over and dropped supplies, and then several antiquated single-engined biplanes puttered over the field.

Someone flashed a torch at them and one by one they switched on landing lights, side-slipped steeply and made miraculous uphill dusk landings in the field. Under the wings on each side were little nacelles like overload tanks, and Cossacks went up with stretchers of wounded men and loaded them into the nacelles like mummies. One by one the planes turned, roared over the field and lifted into the darkness. It was unbelievably quick and efficient.

The girl came out and led them into the house and, in a low-ceilinged room, a dark, heavily built colonel greeted them with grave friendliness. The girl interpreted while they told him of their trip, and in particular of the work of the partisans and how few Germans they had encountered. They talked for an hour before the colonel said, "Now you must eat."

He called a soldier and they followed the soldier into the woods, coming after a while to another farmhouse. In a warm living-room a dozen Russian officers crowded round them with dazzling smiles of welcome. Most were bemedalled and looking very spruce.

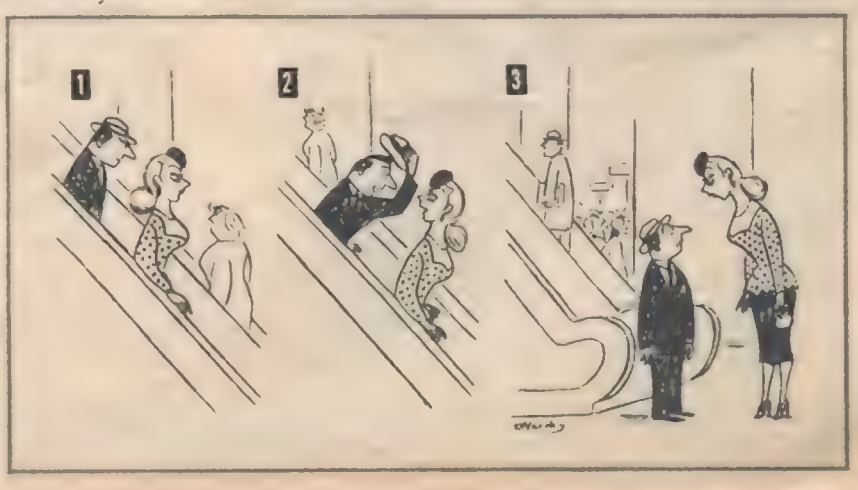
One produced a bottle of schnapps and while they were drinking, another officer brought in two plates of fresh meat and eggs, and bread and butter, and made Rofe and Hillebrand sit at the table and start eating.

They talked for a couple of hours about their adventures and afterwards a major called Fyodor said: "Well, you are all right now. Enjoy yourselves."

"But we are cut off," Rofe said. "We can't very well relax yet, can we?"

"*Nichevo,*" said Major Fyodor explosively, rolling his eyes to the ceiling. "We have been surrounded before. We will fight our way back."

NEXT WEEK: A mad charge to freedom with the Cossack cavalry



FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

HE: I did seem to go through the most extraordinary collection of costumes, as a child. The sailor suit in the photograph is tame compared with the gamut of strange jackets and pantaloons with which my parents equipped me. I shall never forget my Highland outfit.

She: I was just three when my parents went off to Malaya, leaving me at a kindergarten school. With the white dress I am wearing in the photograph went a white fur coat and a white hat. I was a chubby little thing and must have looked rather like a large snowball.

He: Once, in my sailor suit, I was taken out by my nurse, who spent three of her own shillings on a huge posy, which I was to present to mother. I tripped in and said: "See what I bought for *myself*, Mummy!" And I kept the flowers.

She: On the day my parents returned from the Far East, I was playing a game of brides and bridesmaids. This was the first time I had ever been allowed to be the bride. Instead of throwing myself into mother's arms when she came in, I gathered my bridal train, dropped a deep curtsy, and said: "Good morning, Mother. You are just in time to wish me luck. I got married five minutes ago."

He: Unlike my wife, who never thought of being an actress until she was out of her teens, I dreamed of going on the stage right from my cradle-days. When I was eight, several of us asked our housemaster what he thought we should be when we grew up. Pointing to me, the master said: "I have not the slightest doubt that this boy will become an actor." I am sure that he meant it sarcastically, but at the time I did not for a moment question his prophecy.

Today they are husband and wife, famous on stage and screen. For their names, see page 39

CHERRY PARKER'S LOVE BREAKS DOWN THE BARRIERS

Continued from page 15

Japanese girl as a wife, but they wholeheartedly approve of the fight he waged to marry the girl he loved and bring her to his homeland.

Parker, a lean, twenty-five year old Australian with sallow skin, prominent features, thoughtful grey eyes and an easy smile, could have shrugged away the responsibility of Cherry if he had wished to do so. Thousands of Australians who formed regular or irregular alliances with Japanese girls while the occupation lasted returned to Australia, leaving their brides to shift for themselves. Because Parker saw his obligations in a different light, Cherry's story is the *Madame Butterfly* story—with a happy ending.

Corporal Parker first set eyes on her in an Australian regimental aid post at Kure, about fifty miles from Hiroshima. It was a morning in April, 1946, and the first units forming the Australian component of the British Commonwealth Occupation Force had just landed in conquered Japan.

Cherry was among the Japanese civilians recruited to work in the R.A.P. Parker casually noted her piquant prettiness, her painful shyness. She was dressed like a little girl, in a white blouse, grey skirt, short blue socks, canvas shoes. Her hair was arranged in two tight plaits, hanging demurely to her shoulders, Parker at first supposed that she was a schoolgirl of twelve or thirteen. She spoke some English, learned at a Church of England school in Hiroshima, and Parker began chatting with her when there was nothing else to do.

"Cherry, how old are you?" he asked one day.

She hesitated. Then the truth came out. "Sixteen."

"Then why do you dress like a kid?"

Her face broke into a smile. "The Japanese men said we must dress like schoolgirls, or we should be put into brothels by the British and Americans."

She told him of her early life. She was orphaned in infancy, and brought up by her mother's sister in Hiroshima. The death of her uncle, aunt and two cousins when the atom bomb fell left her utterly alone. From Hiroshima she trekked to Kure, and a Japanese family gavé her sanctuary. It was a bitter autobiography, but there was no bitterness in Cherry. She accepted it all with patient fatalism.

Fraternization between B.C.O.F. men and Japanese was forbidden, but the order was impossible to enforce. Parker's friendship with Cherry ripened. In February, 1948, nearly two years after they had met, he induced her to leave her friends and live in a one-roomed wooden house near his camp. He visited her almost nightly there.

"It never occurred to me, then, that I might marry Cherry," Parker says. "I told her I would, so she would agree to live with me. But I wasn't serious."

Police Were After Her

Then something happened. He went to the R.A.P. to start work one morning, but Cherry did not arrive. He had left her the night before in their little house. At the first chance, he investigated. The house was empty. He questioned the Japanese family living next door. They told him Cherry had been arrested by the Japanese police. Parker went back to the Australian camp and appealed to his commanding officer. By nightfall Cherry was free—little the worse for having spent a few hours in a cell after questioning by the police.

Parker realized he must tread warily in future, for Cherry's sake. He ceased visiting the house, and saw her only during working hours at the R.A.P., or when they could sneak off together and swim in the sea lapping the cliffs outside the camp area. As the summer of 1948 drew to an end, he made a decision. It was to take his discharge, return to Australia, qualify himself for

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a profession, and prepare the way for Cherry to join him.

His family welcomed him home on Christmas Eve, 1948. His mother and father, and his three sisters and two brothers had no inkling that he was planning to marry a Japanese girl. He began preliminary studies necessary for a course in medicine, but when he had been home a month a letter arrived from Cherry. It told him she expected a child in August.

Then Parker went to his parents with the full story. They did not censure him, though he believes that the news was a heavy blow to them—all the heavier because his father is a public man. He is a councillor of Ringwood, the suburb in which the Parkers have lived for many years, and has served several terms as mayor. But he merely said: "If this is the girl you want, son, of course you must marry her."

The Parkers pulled every available string to accelerate their son's return to Japan—this time as a civilian. They knew it would be idle to seek a permit for Cherry to enter Australia until her alliance with their son was legalized.

But it was Christmas, 1949, and his daughter was five months old, before Parker landed in Japan. At eleven o'clock at night he knocked at the door of Cherry's little house. "Who's there?" she called from inside.

He spoke her name. If Parker still had doubts of the wisdom of his decision to marry her, he lost them as she threw open the door and flung her arms about him.

With the benevolent aid of the Australian Mission in Tokyo, Parker stayed for six months. But it was a constant battle. For B.C.O.F. could not, anyway officially, condone a breach of its non-fraternization order, even if the offender was now a civilian.

Patience Was Needed

Uneasy months passed before Parker overcame all the obstacles and married Cherry. An Australian Army chaplain refused to perform the ceremony; it was performed by a Japanese Church of England priest in the Army chapel at Kure, and legally ratified by a further ceremony in the British Consulate at Kobe. This was necessary because the church ceremony was not recognized by the Australian Government.

Parker knew there could be no future for himself and his little family in Japan—even if he were permitted to stay there indefinitely. He determined to return to Australia and fight for the entry of Cherry and his daughter. He knew it would be a hard fight. The tide of popular feeling was still running strongly against all Japanese.

Back home, in August, 1950, Parker discussed the problem with his father. Parker senior, a shrewd Mancunian (his mother and sisters still live in Manchester), advised patience. "Wait a year or so, son," he said. "Let the feeling against the Japanese cool."

Parker saw the wisdom of his father's counsel. But as time went on the tone of Cherry's letters began to alarm him. They were depressed, frightened. As the wife of an Australian ex-soldier, she was a marked woman. Japanese jeered at her in the streets; some of them threatened what would happen to her when the occupation ended.

A few months after her husband's departure she woke one night to see the window slide up and a lean brown hand grope through the aperture. Picking up Margaret, she ran from the house in her night clothes and stumbled into a neighbour's home. Next morning the house was stripped. The only thing left was the carpet, which was nailed to the floor.

Parker, who had found a job as a clerk in the Navy Department at Melbourne, bombarded the Government with letters, and with pleas relayed through members of Parliament. The Government was adamant—"in the circumstances, a favourable decision cannot be given."

Nearly Gave Up Hope

More than a year, during which time Cherry bore a second daughter, passed in futile appeals to the Government. It began to appear that she would never be permitted to land in Australia. Parker was nearly demented with anxiety. He knew the fate of many Japanese girls who had borne children to occupation soldiers. The lucky ones had married Japanese, but had had to surrender their children to orphanages. The less lucky had gone into brothels, losing their children just the same.

By late 1951, he could stand the strain no longer. Taking his savings, he flew to Japan.

He was shocked when he saw Cherry. The plump, pretty face was thin and lined, terror lurked at the back of her eyes. She was still living in the home of the neighbour who had taken her in after the robbery. She rarely set foot outside, fearing violence against her and her children.

"It's all right now," Parker told her. "I'm back. And this time I'm staying. I'll never leave you again."

Four months passed. His money ran low. He looked for work, but none was to be had. Dispirited, he clung to hope that good news would yet arrive from Australia, where his father and friends, aided by some newspapers, were urging that the ban on Cherry should be lifted.

He had almost surrendered to despair when his father's cable arrived. It told him that permission for Cherry to come to Australia had been granted at a special Cabinet meeting. Two months later Gordon Parker and his wife, with Margaret and Kathleen, stepped ashore on Australian soil.

The cost to Parker in travelling expenses and lost wages was about £2,000, but he believes that the vindication of a man's right to marry the girl of his own choice is more than worth it.

If the child Cherry is to bear in a few months should be a son, Parker says he will consider the price ridiculously low.

THE END

TAKE MY TIP

PACKETS of cereals take up a lot of room in the pantry. On the inside of the door I fixed a pair of 1½-inch brackets at a convenient height and stretched a curtain spring between them. Six inches higher I fixed a pair of 2½-inch brackets and another spring. The packets stand on the lower spring and are held by the top one.—Joyce Wilson, Dartford, Kent.

JOHN BULL *pays three guineas, on publication, for simple, original tips that show other readers how to carry out useful jobs in better ways. Address contributions to TAKE MY TIP,* JOHN BULL, *189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, including (if they help) diagrams or photographs with the text. It is regretted that contributions cannot be returned unless they are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*

"What's a man supposed to do to get a bit of supper?"

WINDOM'S WAY

Continued from page 22

eating, he crossed the living-room, came to the bedroom door—and stopped. Lenore was bending over the nearer of the two cots, and on it, lying crosswise in a row, were four small, motionless figures.

"One of them woke up," she said, "but he's asleep again now."

Approaching the cot, he saw that they were the four children who had been in the hospital: the up-valley girl with trachoma, a second, younger, girl whose left foot had been amputated, and two five-year-old boys crippled by rickets.

"It seemed so horrible for them over there," Lenore said. "And Anna and the student nurses were almost crazy with work."

"When did you bring them here?"

"Early last night. When they were carrying in the others."

Windom peered down at each child in turn. Then he took Lenore's arm and they went into the living-room.

"Good going, Lee," he said.

"Kosti helped me. It was nothing."

"No, it wasn't nothing." Windom put his hands on her shoulders and pulled her gently towards him. "Lee, stop it," he said. "You're not a doctor. You're not a nurse."

"No, I'm not a nurse. I can't do what Anna Vidal can do. What any little brown coolie girl can do. . . ."

He was holding her close to him and now at last she looked up into his face. "I came here to help you, Alec."

Her own face was pale and tired; her blue eyes almost dark in the grey dawn-light. Suddenly she bent her head against his shoulder. "I want to so much," she whispered. "So terribly much."

TWELVE days later, two men were talking in a government office in the capital. One, named Tanit Belhedron, was Vice-Commissioner for the Northern Provinces. The other was Schusterman.

More accurately, Schusterman was talking—at length and with emotion. The commissioner listened. He was a slight man with a smooth face, smooth lacquer-black hair and small flat-lidded eyes. His white linen suit was tailored and immaculate. In his lapel he wore a sprig of jacaranda blossom; on his left hand a ruby ring.

Now and then, as the other talked, he made a note on a pad that lay on his desk. At intervals he asked a question. "Believe me, Mr. Schusterman," he said, when his visitor paused, "I understand your vehemence and your concern. But you must be patient."

"But I have been here for a week."

"Exactly. For *only* a week. And it is less than two since the events of which you speak. In such a matter as this you must expect certain delays."

"My company," said Schusterman, "demands the protection to which it is entitled."

Belhedron nodded. "And it shall have it. My government, I assure you, is going to preserve law and order. And we are as aware as your company of the importance of its rubber production."

"By now the trees have probably been slashed, and the crop ruined."

"No, our reports indicate that that has not happened. And if it has . . ." —the commissioner shrugged—"what's done is done."

"Why have not the provincial police taken control?"

"The provincial police, if I may say so, could scarcely take control of a bazaar pickpocket. The one capable man up there was this Bilko—and now he is gone. The rest are worse than nothing. As likely as not, half of them up there have already joined the criminals."

Belhedron looked meditatively at his ruby ring, then rubbed it gently against his lapel.

"You are upset, Mr. Schusterman," he went on. "You are outraged and impatient, and that is understandable. But you must not let your impatience delude you into thinking that nothing is being done. It is precisely because so much is being done that it must take some little time."

"I am afraid I do not follow you.'

"This—shall we say—disturbance at your plantation was, not, as you of course know, an isolated incident. There has been trouble at many other plantations throughout the northern rubber district. Not as drastic as at yours, perhaps—but of the same nature. And with the same cause. As you have seen, the situation has gone far beyond the point where it can be handled by the police. It has gone beyond the powers of my own department. It may interest you to know that it has been exhaustively discussed during the past week on the very highest levels of our government. It has even been the subject of discussion between our own

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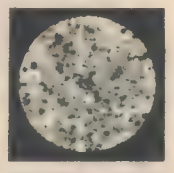

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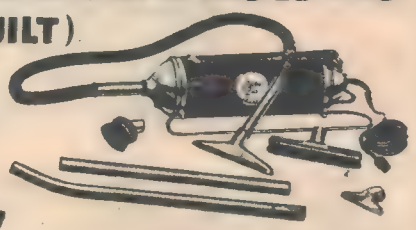

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"On the other hand, I heard of a fellow, never been ill in his life, feeling fine, who went to visit a friend in the hospital and dropped stone dead!"

government and certain other much larger and more powerful governments."

Schusterman made as if to speak, but the commissioner continued. "You know—we all know," he said, "that these disturbances are not local matters. Who were the so-called leaders in this trouble at Papaan?" He glanced at his notes. "One Amyan, an ex-Buddhist monk. One Jan Vidal, a plantation foreman. Do you think these peasants are the *real* leaders? You know as well as I whom they take their orders from."

"From Than-kar."

"Precisely. Behind them is the Red bandit Than-kar; and behind him his masters in Peiping and Moscow. Far from being a local matter, it is not even simply a national one. It is international. And that is exactly the level on which we plan to deal with it."

"You mean——"

"I mean that we shall send troops. Not the garrison companies that we have scattered around the provinces; they're no better than the police. But real troops, from here in the capital. American trained—with American arms. It may be a little while, Mr. Schusterman, before your company gets back its plantation. But you will get it, never fear. And we shall teach these Reds a lesson they won't forget."

The commissioner picked up the telephone on his desk. "Is Colonel Hasbrook here yet?" he asked. "Good. Ask him to come in." Then, turning back to Schusterman: "You have met Colonel Hasbrook, I believe. He is handling the military equipment of which I just spoke. That, of course, is the concern of the army, not of this department, but it has occurred to me that——"

The door opened, and he broke off and got to his feet. "Do come in, Colonel. Good morning."

Hasbrook shook hands with the two men. Then he grinned at Schusterman. "All in a piece, I see."

"Most luckily, yes."

"Sounds like a tough crowd up there."

"Oh, yes." Schusterman smiled back thinly. "But not quite tough enough, I am afraid."

"It was good of you to come, Colonel," said the commissioner. "Mr. Schusterman and I have been discussing the Papaan affair, and there is one particular aspect on which I would very much like to have your opinion."

"Captain Lutz tells me the troops are coming on fine," said Hasbrook. "Having some trouble getting used to the new equipment, of course, but nothing a week or two won't fix."

"Excellent. I am delighted. Though military matters, of course, are not directly my province." Belhedron cleared his throat. "What I was wondering, Colonel, is if you could give us some information about your compatriot up there."

"My compatriot?"

"About Dr. Windom."

"Oh." Hasbrook leaned forward in his seat. "Has anything happened to him?"

"We do not know."

"Is he still in Papaan?"

"As far as we can ascertain—yes. As you are aware, the telephone and telegraph lines have been cut, and the sort of word-of-mouth information we have had is often not too reliable."

"Good God! You don't think he's been killed?"

"No, we think that unlikely. Mr. Schusterman here considers it *extremely* unlikely. That is what we want to ask you about, Colonel."

BELHEDRON made a triangle with thumbs and forefingers and regarded it meditatively. "On your recent tour of duty," he said, "you spent a day and night at Papaan."

"Yes."

"You stayed with Dr. Windom."

"Yes."

"What, may I ask, was your impression of him?"

"That he's a remarkable man."

"Remarkable?"

"A man giving everything to his job. Unselfish. Devoted."

"You mean devoted to the people there?"

"To the people. To his work. He's made a great thing of that hospital, I'm telling you. He's trained nurses, taught the natives to keep clean——"

"We have a rather complete dossier," said the commissioner, "on Dr. Windom's professional record. Now we are wondering about his other activities."

"What do you mean — other activities?"

The commissioner changed his tack slightly. "The morning that you left Papaan," he said, "was the day the trouble started. Did you know that it was threatening?"

"I knew there was talk of a strike at the plantation. That something was

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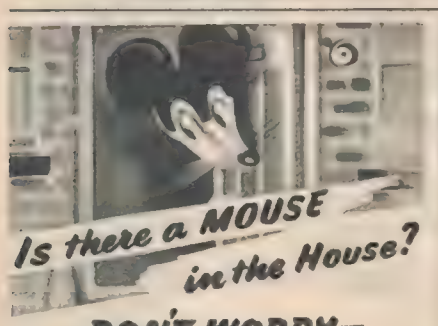

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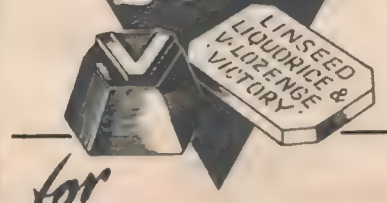

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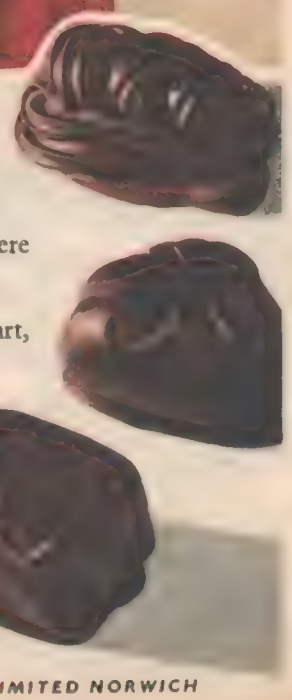

CHOCOLATES BY CALEY OF NORWICH

F63

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in the air. But as an American Army officer, I didn't feel it was my place to get involved in it."

"You were quite right, Colonel. But to get back to Dr. Windom. To what extent was *he* involved in it?"

"Windom? To my knowledge, not at all."

"Mr. Schusterman here says that he was greatly involved;" — Hasbrook looked from Belhedron to Schusterman —"that, if he was not actually one of the instigators of the strike," the commissioner went on, "he was doing everything in his power to help it."

There was a short pause. Then Hasbrook shook his head.

"No, gentlemen," he said. "You're barking up the wrong tree."

"I beg your pardon?" asked the commissioner.

"You're letting your imaginations run away with you. Windom may be close to the natives—yes. That's part of his job, and only natural, living with them all this time. But to claim that he's mixed up in what's happened—in rioting and killing—is going too far. You can't make me believe it."

"We are not trying to make you believe anything, Colonel," said Belhedron blandly. "We are simply trying to acquire some information."

"I've already told you what I know. And what I think."

"I am not now referring to his life here in this country. I am thinking of his previous history. In fact, we have already asked your diplomatic people to check back on it."

"To find what?"

"To find, for one thing, if he has a record of political activity. To find if he has had any previous Communist associations."

"Communist?" Hasbrook stared at him. "That's fantastic!"

"It may appear fantastic to you, Colonel. However, if you consider the last few years of world history, I think you would agree that the fantastic has become more common than the commonplace."

"But Windom was one of the top doctors in New York. An army major. His wife comes from an old banking family, and——"

"Colonel, Colonel," Belhedron interrupted gently. "There is no cause to take this personally. Or as a reflection on your country. Quite the contrary, I assure you. The United States is as concerned as we are in defeating Communism. You yourself would not be here now, if it were not. Very well. We have information that one of your countrymen has given aid and comfort to Communist-inspired agitators. It is information that must be investigated and, if it is true, drastic action must be taken. In the interests of your country as well as of mine."

Hasbrook got up and walked slowly across the room.

For a few moments he stood looking out of the window, deep in thought, and his broad, usually placid face was clouded. Then he turned back to the others.

"Captain Lutz," he said, "tells me that the troops will be ready by the end of next week."

"So I understand," said Belhedron.

"And that it will take another week to move them up to Papaan."

"Approximately."

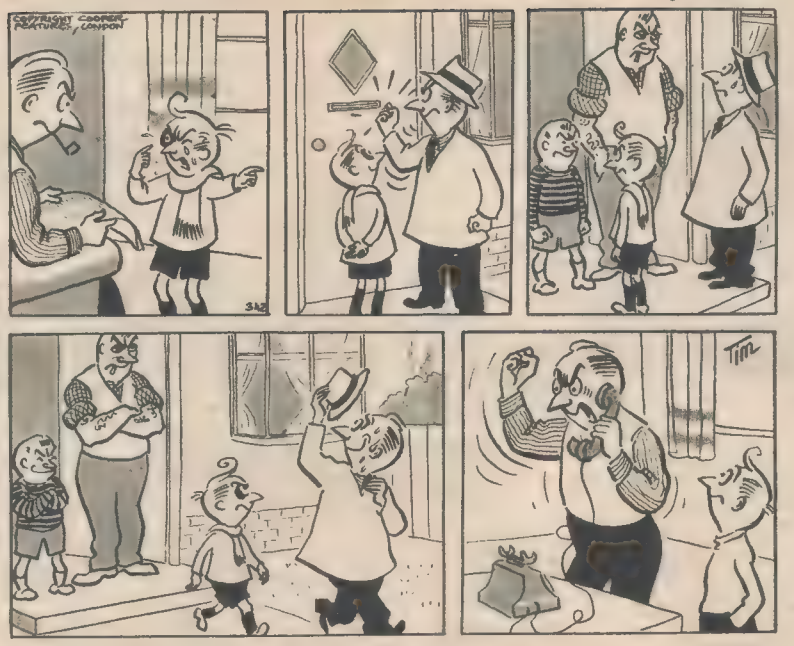
"In three weeks, then, we should have some of the answers." Hasbrook picked up his cap, which he had placed on the commissioner's table. "But I'm willing to bet," he added, "that the answers on Windom aren't going to be what you think."

"I hope you are right," said Belhedron.

By malevolent coincidence, a wave of enteric fever swept the eastern section of the village, and no sooner was a bed vacated by a riot victim than it was occupied by a fever case.

For twelve hours a day Windom moved back and forth from the wards to the operating room. For another four, on an average, he jeeped about the village from home to home, visiting the wounded who had been moved from the hospital to make room for the fever cases and the fever cases who could not be admitted at all. When

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*



she could, Anna took over for him. But in most instances he was needed himself. The families of the sick and injured crowded the compound, waiting for him, and even stopped his jeep as he drove through the dusty streets.

But in the end he pulled them all through. He worked with an almost fierce concentration and fixity of purpose—improvising, substituting, experimenting; and strangely, though his body grew numb with tiredness, his mind seemed clearer, calmer, more at peace than it had been for a long time.

Even the bungalow was now little more than an annexe of the hospital; for Lenore had insisted on keeping the four sick children there, at least until such time as the main building should be less crowded.

For two weeks, Windom was in the bungalow for little more than a quick meal, a change of clothes, sleep. And their talk was limited to the developments of the day and the problems of the next. Only once, when they were alone together for a few minutes at supper, did they range further afield; and that began with Windom's mentioning that one of the wounded policemen was almost ready to be discharged.

"But *can* you discharge him?" Lenore asked. "Won't he make trouble?"

"No."

"When will the other trouble start—about the police who were killed, and the plantation?"

Windom shrugged. "It depends on how long it took Schusterman to get to the capital. And on what they decide to do."

"They'll send people, won't they? More police or something."

"I suppose so."

"There'll be arrests and trials." She paused, but Windom said nothing. "It may be awful, mayn't it? As bad as what's happened already."

"It will depend on whom they send."

"What will you do, Alec?"

"Do?"

"Will you be on the side of the people here? Will you try to help them?"

"Of course."

"Yes—of course. But. . . ." Lenore hesitated. Her eyes were troubled. "But some of them will have to be arrested, won't they? The ones who really rioted. Who did the burning and killing. . . . They'll ask you about it, Alec. And you'll have to tell them."

"What I'll tell them," said Windom, "is the truth."

"But the truth is——"

"The truth is that these people were driven to what they did. That any self-respecting lot would have done the same thing."

"But burning the plantation—killing the police——"

"All right, they went too far. Because they were goaded too far. But if the government tries to treat them like criminals or bandits, they're going to hear plenty from me."

"That's what I'm afraid of, Alec."

"Afraid?"

"That they'll hear too much from you. That they'll think you're involved."

"I *am* involved."

"You know what I mean. That you're somehow responsible. That plantation manager—he probably thinks so already. You didn't get along, I could see that; and I'm sure he'd like nothing better than to make trouble for you."

Windom smiled and got to his feet. "A prescription from your physician," he told her. "Stop worrying about me."

"What else should I worry about?"

"Well, as a starter, I could suggest ten surgical cases, eighteen dysenteries and one Fallopian pregnancy. Or even how the rice crop will do."

She smiled back, but in the next instant reached out and took his hand. "You'll be sensible, won't you, Alec?" she pleaded. "Sensible and careful. . . ."

"I'll make Lollivar look like a daredevil," he promised her.

And he went back to the hospital.

Once, too, during those days, they went out again to the headland. This time, however, it was not during the afternoon, but in the middle of the night.

For an hour he had lain on his cot, tired but sleepless, and then the moon rose, and, getting up, he went to the window and watched it climb the black sky behind the banyan trees. Suddenly he realized that Lenore was standing beside him, watching, too.

"Where?"

But he knew where.

They drove through the empty streets, crossed the dock and climbed down into the moored skiff. Then they rowed out across the bay, and the headland swam up at them, green and silver in the darkness. There was the soft coolness of the sand; the soft warmness of the water; the quick gleam of phosphorus as their arms rose and fell, and, beyond the reef, the broad gleam of moon and ocean.

There was the beach again, and the cool warmness of each other.

Lenore smiled up at him.

"No hospital, no sick, no war, no peace, no things, no people."

"No."

"Not anything but us."

"No."

There was the sea; the moonlight. There was her smile.

And then she was no longer smiling but lying quietly beside him; hand in his, eyes closed.

"It wasn't a mistake, was it?" she murmured.

"No," he said, "it wasn't a mistake."

THE HUMAN MACHINE

A better way

An old Zulu war cry was said to run: "If we go forward, we die; if we go backward, we die; better go forward."

Let us adapt it: "If we try to make those around us happy, we shall expend a lot of mental energy and emotion; we shall do the same if we try to make them unhappy; better try to make them happy."

We cannot ignore people. We must affect them in some way. We might as well do something worth while. There is no sense in producing evil when good can be achieved with no greater effort.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

The dead were buried. The fever passed. Two weeks after the "trouble," there was enough room in the hospital to move the sick children back from the bungalow, and by the end of the third week only a handful of the wounded were still left in the wards. In the village, the streets and bazaars were no different (except for the absence of policemen) from what they had been before. The bullocks plodded. The children scampered. The women gossiped. The merchants haggled. The trouble had come, the trouble had gone, and neither the Holy Virgin nor the Dapsang Buddha, nor even Dr. Alexander Windom, could undo what had been done or bring back the dead.

The business of life was living. And raising a rice crop.

The work of preparing the crop had been begun on the first day after the riot. Seed had been brought in from neighbouring valleys and sown in hundreds of small beds in the outskirts of the village, and now, out along the river, acres were being cleared, ditches dug, embankments raised, fields ploughed into paddies. In a few weeks the shoots would be ready for transplanting and flooding, and at the same time, by happy coincidence, the heavy rains were due to begin. Already there had been occasional light falls, and day by day the monsoon clouds were piling up more heavily on the horizon to the south.

Sitting in the hospital office, where Windom had summoned him, Jan Vidal could scarcely suppress his excitement.

"Even this first season," he said, "we shall have a crop big enough for the whole village. And for the whole year it will cost us less than buying rice from outside for three months."

"You've done a good job," Windom told him.

"To work is easy, my doctor, when the heart is in it. Already the biggest part is over, and soon we can turn to other things."

"Such as the plantation."

"The plantation?"

"That's why I asked you to come here, Jan. To talk about it."

"What is there to talk about? The plantation is dead. Finished."

Windom shook his head. "No," he said. "It must be kept going. It must be cared for. I want you to get the men together and explain that. They are to go back and tend the trees. They are to rebuild the houses they burned down."

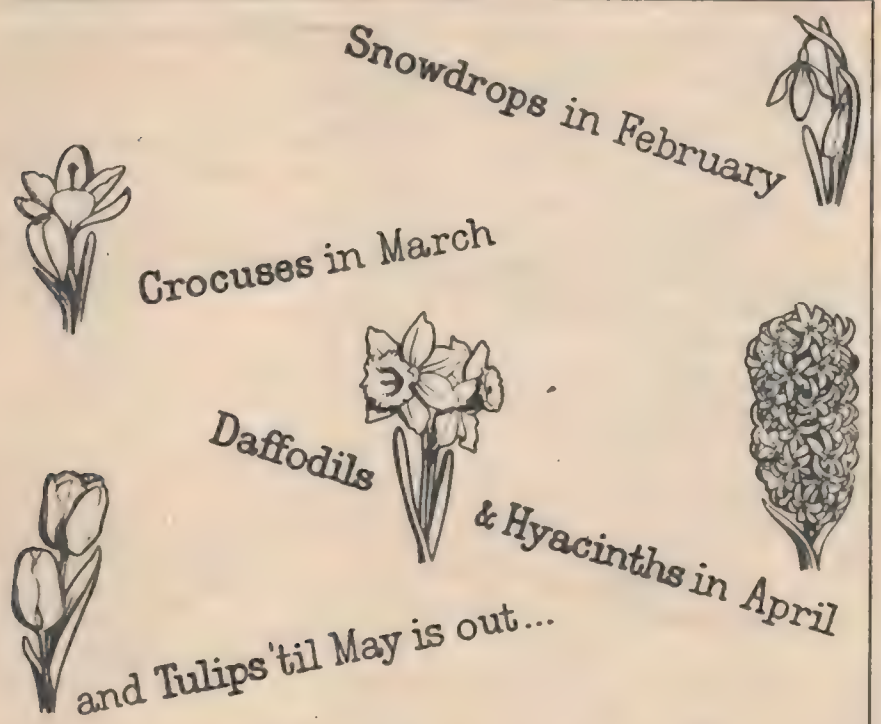
Jan stared at him without speaking.

"They must," said Windom.

"No, they will not do it. They will refuse."

"They won't refuse when you explain to them why they must do it."

"Why? There is no reason why. For years we have been like slaves to this plantation, and now at last we



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"As I was saying, these houses are constructed throughout of stout, solid—hey, don't touch that wallpaper, sonny!"

are free of it. Do you expect us to go back and be slaves again?"

"I expect you to think like an intelligent man, Jan. Not like a child." An edge of annoyance showed in Windom's voice. "You know perfectly well this valley can't live on rice alone. There has to be employment. There have to be wages. And the only place they can come from is the plantation."

Jan listened sullenly.

"If you let the rubber trees go to ruin, you'll be playing right into the hands of the people you're fighting. They'll call you saboteurs—they'll call you bandits—and they'll be right. And more than that, you'll be fools. You're as dependent on the plantation as it is on you, and if it's decently run it can make Papaan a happy, prosperous place. All right, that's your job now. To see that it's decently run. To care for it; not to ruin it."

"We are not going to go back to the old days," said Jan. "We have fought for our rights and won them. And we are going to keep them. We will fight——"

"Don't talk nonsense. In the eyes of the law you've committed serious offences, and no government in the world would let you get away with them." Windom paused, leaned forward a little and spoke with quiet earnestness. "Look, Jan—the government people will be coming here. They'll come in force, take the plantation, hold an investigation. So far, they know only one side of the story, but now they'll hear the rest. You'll tell them. I'll tell them. And I think they'll believe us and be reasonable. I think they'll let you have your rice crop."

"But——"

"But only if you are reasonable, too," said Windom. "Only if you meet them half way. And the first thing in doing that is to get back to work at the plantation. To take care of the trees. To rebuild what you've destroyed."

There was a silence.

"Well?" asked Windom.

"You have always been our friend, my doctor," said Jan.

After another moment Jan got to his feet.

"I shall call the men together," he said.

"Good," said Windom.

The next day, clouds marched up from the horizon, and raindrops spattered in the dusty streets. The drops turned into streams, the dust into mud. All one night the rain fell, and the next day the entire village, except the very old and the very young, went out to the rice paddies. By evening, half the rice crop had been transplanted. By next evening, all of it.

"Tomorrow you can get back to the plantation," said Windom to Jan Vidal.

"No—the day after tomorrow, my doctor," he answered. "Tomorrow we will have a celebration."

Flags and streamers had appeared magically along the village streets. Crowds thronged the bazaar. A juggler, a snake-charmer and a dozen drink-vendors materialized from nowhere, and a band, composed of a flute, a saxophone, a drum and a set of temple gongs, paraded endlessly around the central square. The mayor made a long speech, and Jan Vidal a short one.

"In our new freedom," he said, "let us remember the great man who has made it possible. Let us remember Father Amyan."

For a few minutes the crowd was silent. But soon the band was dinning again, the children racing about, the hawkers shouting their wares. Today was carnival day, and nothing was going to stop it for long.

In the afternoon, Windom and Lenore drove out to a pasture near the riverbank, where half the village seemed to be gathered. There were games and dancing.

When darkness came, the dim street lights were augmented by hundreds of torches and flares. The band was playing. In the centre of the square a low platform had been erected, and when Windom and Lenore arrived, they were led forward and ceremoniously seated on a bench that had been placed before it. Besides them were Lollivar, Jan Vidal and the more important elders of Papaan. Around and behind them stood the rest of the villagers, packed close together in solid ranks, their faces bright and expectant in the flickering light of the torches.

Watching them, Lenore, too, felt an expectancy that was almost excitement. Here at last was something of what she had expected the East to be. Not dust and rain, hospital and patients, rubber crop and rice crop; but an intimation of another world, dark and teeming, ancient and secret. There was the heavy scent of a thousand bodies, of the burning torches, of incense. Overhead, the moon and stars were brilliant, but to the south the monsoon clouds piled high against their silver light.

From the shadows beyond the platform, dancers appeared in slow and

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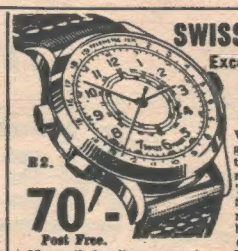

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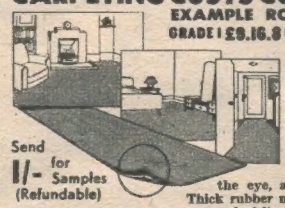

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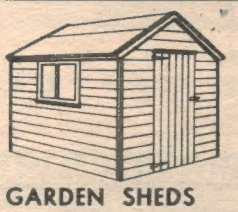

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measured procession, their tall head-dresses swaying, their bright costumes gleaming as if they themselves were moving torches. The rhythm grew softer and more gentle. Hands danced. Shoulders and thighs danced. Almost motionless, the brown, slender bodies danced, under the tight, shining sheaths that covered them.

Lenore watched in fascination. Without understanding the details, she knew that the pattern evolving before her was a thing of a hundred meanings and suggestions: intricate, stylized, incredibly ancient. It told of war and feats of war, of life ending and life beginning, of planting and harvest, of the fertility of earth and of man.

The beat of drum and gong grew louder, and then suddenly stopped. The dancers swiftly withdrew, and from the shadows a single figure emerged.

It was a woman, Lenore saw. But whether she was one of those who had already been dancing, or a new performer, she could not tell. As quickly as it had arisen, the sound of drum and gong subsided, until they were only a deep half-heard rhythm. The dancer's feet made no sound. They moved in the slow, intricate patterns of old ritual. In the gleam of the torches, her body swayed, sinuous and proud.

In her hands, raised before her, she held a small box of jade and ivory. The moving figure was closer now. The torchlight shone on her silver vestments and the tall cone of her head-dress. It touched the rose softness of her bare arms and throat, the rich black of her hair, the mask of her face. . . . Then, in the next instant, the mask seemed to dissolve. The figure was no longer silver, but white. The head-dress was white. . . . The dance seemed to have stopped. The figure stood motionless before Lenore. Or, rather, before Windom. And now, Anna Vidal bent low and held out to him the offering of the jade and ivory box.

"With our gratitude, my doctor," she murmured.

Her eyes were shining.

THE rain swept down. Each day, towards noon, the clouds parted and the sun beat down, but the tender rice shoots were deep and safe under the brown water in the paddies. Up on the higher ground, men with knives and pails moved again on their long rounds through the rubber groves. And in the centre of the groves more men were at work: clearing the charred ruins, hauling timber, sawing, hammering.

"Before, we work too hard for too little," they grumbled. "Now we work even harder, and for nothing at all."

"No, it is not for nothing," Jan Vidal told them. "It is for the future, when the owners return. So that things will be better."

Any time now they expected a platoon of police to appear. Or a plane-load of officials. Neither came, however, and, with the telegraph wires still down, no news came either. Some three weeks after "the trouble" the rumour spread that a detachment of troops had moved up from the capital into the lower part of the province. But it was obvious, all agreed, that this could have nothing to do with Papaan.

"They are going to the north-west," the men said, "for the fighting against Than-kar and his Reds."

Then a plane came. It flew in from the south, quick and silver in the noon-day brightness; and first it flew in a circle over the village, but did not land. Then it banked out towards the plantation.

The men working on the new buildings saw it coming in low over the tree-tops, gleaming in the sun. This time Windom instinctively shouted: "Take cover!" Suddenly, before they even heard the sound of the machine guns, the bullets were thudding among them. Five men had fallen. And before their companions could reach their side, the plane was a speck in the distance.

Lansang, the sub-foreman, looked at Jan Vidal with hard, flat eyes. "Yes, of course," he said. "When the owners return, then things will be better."

One man had been killed instantly. A second died a few hours later on the operating table. Again Windom spent the night with probe and scalpel, swab

and syringe. Towards morning he snatched two hours' sleep, and at seven he was back at the hospital.

Within an hour, Dai Lollivar was there, sitting breathless and distraught in the cubicle of Windom's office.

"They are coming, my doctor," he said.

Windom nodded. "I'm afraid so."

"What shall we do? Mother of God and the Living Buddha—what shall we do?" But the mayor did not wait for an answer. "I shall tell you," he said. "All this night I have been thinking about it—without sleep, without rest—and there is only one thing to do . . . Look. Listen. . . ." He leaned forward, his plump hands spread on the desk. "The troops come—yes? They think we are bandits; in revolt, lawless. So we show them we are not lawless. We have no police, no; but we have a law and a jail. And in the jail, when they come, will be the leaders of the trouble. Jan Vidal, Lansang, Petar, a few others. The troops will see that the trouble is over and the law is being enforced."

"Enforced?" asked Windom. "By whom?"

"By me. The mayor."

"I see. And just how do you propose to get these men into jail?"

"That is why I have come to you, my doctor. For me, I know they will not go. But for you, yes—they will. You will speak to Jan Vidal and tell him he and his friends must go to jail. That way they will help the whole village; perhaps save us all. The troops come. They look. They see that all is quiet and the mayor is in charge. They go away." Lollivar's eyes fixed on Windom in hopeful appeal. "You will do it, yes?" he asked. "You will call Jan here, and when he has agreed I will make the arrest. . . ."

Whatever Windom's answer might have been, it was forestalled by a peculiar noise from outside. And a moment later the boy Kosti backed past the open doorway, firing an invisible gun at invisible foes.

Windom called him in. "What's going on, Kosti?" he asked.

"Everything is going on, my doctor." The boy's eyes were bright with excitement. "The enemy is coming. We fight them. Bang, bang—so. It is a great battle, a great victory. Like—like. . . ." He paused, searching for a worthy simile. "Like in Hopalongo Kassidi. . . ."

WINDOM smiled. Then he stopped smiling. Clutched in the boy's hand were a dozen rifle cartridges.

"Where did you get those?" he asked sharply.

"At the warehouse, my doctor."

"What were you doing there?"

"The same as everyone was doing. Getting guns—bullets."

Windom was on his feet. "What do you mean, everyone?"

"Jan, Lansang, Petar, almost all the men."

"Are they still there?"

"No, they have gone to the jail."

"The jail?"

"Yes, my doctor. They say that is the strongest place in the village. They will hide there behind the gates and walls and when the enemy comes they go *bang, bang, bang.*"

Lollivar had risen, too. "Mother of God!" he moaned.

Then Anna hurried in. "Have you heard, my doctor——" she began.

"We're hearing now," said Windom.

"You must go to Jan."

"Yes."

"Now. At once. In the jeep we can be there in five minutes."

"You'd better stay——"

"No—please, my doctor. The patients are all right. The student nurses are with them. I am worried for Jan. And perhaps I can help."

For an instant Windom hesitated. Then he nodded. "Well, they're where you want them," he said to Lollivar, but his eyes were cold.

He went out to the jeep.

To be continued next week

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The pictures on page 29 are of Michael Denison and Dulcie Gray, when children.

ANOTHER £1,000 PAGE OF CHRISTMAS PRIZES!

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INSTRUCTIONS: First complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

In adjudication all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Nov. 15.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

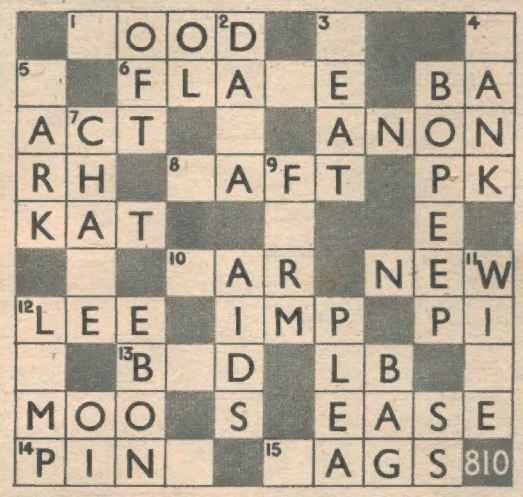
ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword No. 810, "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Across Clues — XWORD 810

1. It is difficult to convey this of our people when at war
6. A man's easily dazzled by
8. Experience of being shipwrecked might leave one very near to this
10. Busy when boat puts out to sea
13. If harum-scarum youngster gets thoroughly browned off, he may go to this sooner
14. What some people seem able to smell a long way off
15. Many comedians repeatedly work in old ones

Down Clues

2. Should give reliable information
3. Really fine this can be spoilt by bad carving
4. Average one doesn't have so very much in the way of deposits
5. If he's a mischievous boy, you can usually take it he's up to this
7. Shopkeeper robbed by gangsters will probably do this in vain
9. Keep an eye on this and you should get pretty good idea of real worth of horse
11. Most people may not realize that tent can be this
12. It may be difficult to make light of



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
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No.		1s.
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XWORD 810

Closing Postmark MONDAY, NOV. 3

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Address.....

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XWORD 805 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Store. 3, Dole. 4, Mire. 5, Wages. 8, Flooded. 11, Lid. 12, Move. 13, Ice. DOWN: 1, Shame. 2, Race. 3, Debate. 6, Studied. 7, Cog. 9, Lines. 10, Grip.

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£25: A. W. Harris, 15 King Street, Treforest, Pontypridd: TO WORK AND BACK—HAPPY—*That's* HAPPY LIFE.

OTHER AWARDS. £10: Mrs. N. M. Gibbs, Etain, Westward Ho!, Bideford: THE HUMAN FAMILY—SHARING "FIRESIDE"—OR PYRE? £9: A. S. Lear, 9 Stonebank Road, Kidsgrove, Stoke-on-Trent: LIKES TO BE BOSS—AND SOMETIMES *Bossed*, MISSUS. £8: Miss Orrin, 45 Braidley Road, Bournemouth: TO HEAVEN AND BACK—TO *Earth*. SENSIBLE SERMON. £7: Mrs. Humphreys, Lower Quarry, Llanfechain, Montgomeryshire: BIT OF A WRENCH—FOR TONSILS. AUNTIE'S "PARTED"! £6: Mrs. N. Walker, 15 Summerfield Road, Woodhouse Park, Wythenshawe: AT THE SEWING CIRCLE—DULL EVENING—*Everyone* PRESENT! £5: R. Alan, 33 Wellfield Road, Preston: THE TREES SIGHED AND—"WEPT" LEAVES—SUMMER'S DEAD! £5: G. W. Brumby, 80 Victor Road, North Harrow: WITH FINGERS CROSSED—WILL TOMORROW'S BABIES ARRIVE?

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Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in merit order; test—cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not over 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank given.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated November 22, and in JOHN BULL, dated November 29), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See *Daily Herald* on Saturday, November 15, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,858 result).

NOTE. You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in the same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

Perfect Peace
To Beat The Bandit
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At The Pace We're Going
Winter's On The Way, So
Emperor Stalin
Man In A Fog
Furious
When He Gets To Work
Left Penniless
The Old Brigade
In Dad's Wallet
Her Lord And Master
A Bit Vinegary
Stopped The Traffic
Little Lionel
Broken-hearted
Morning, Noon And Night
Felt Funny
At The Office Concert

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

.....In America
Made .....Dizzy
.....Than She Thought
Led To The.....
Not Easily.....
The.....Whistled And

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